



No. 594.—VOL. XXI.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1852.

{ Two Numbers, 1s.,  
WITH LARGE PLATE, GRATIS.

## THE GRAND STATE FUNERAL OF ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

So far as our time and space permitted, we presented our readers last week with the more salient points of interest in the unprecedented spectacle which took place on Thursday, the 18th. A great deal, however, still remains to be told; and we have now to ask the reader's indulgence or an attempt to place before him a connected and complete narrative of the last honours paid to the memory of one of the most illustrious of Englishmen. No one can hope worthily to describe the splendour, magnificence, and solemnity of that great state pageant, or the imposing interest which it derived from the countless thousands of human beings who swarmed along the line of route and reverently stood with uncovered heads as the lie of the venerated dead passed before them. England's metropolis—vast, populous, mighty London—empress of modern cities—the huge living wonder of the nineteenth century—never before presented a scene so amazing to men of other lands or even to her own sons.

### THE HORSE GUARDS.

The striking military spectacle presented in the Parade-ground in St. James's Park, facing the Horse Guards, began, as we stated last week, with the dim light of early morning. About half-past six the gates of the Park were thrown open—trumpets were heard sounding right and

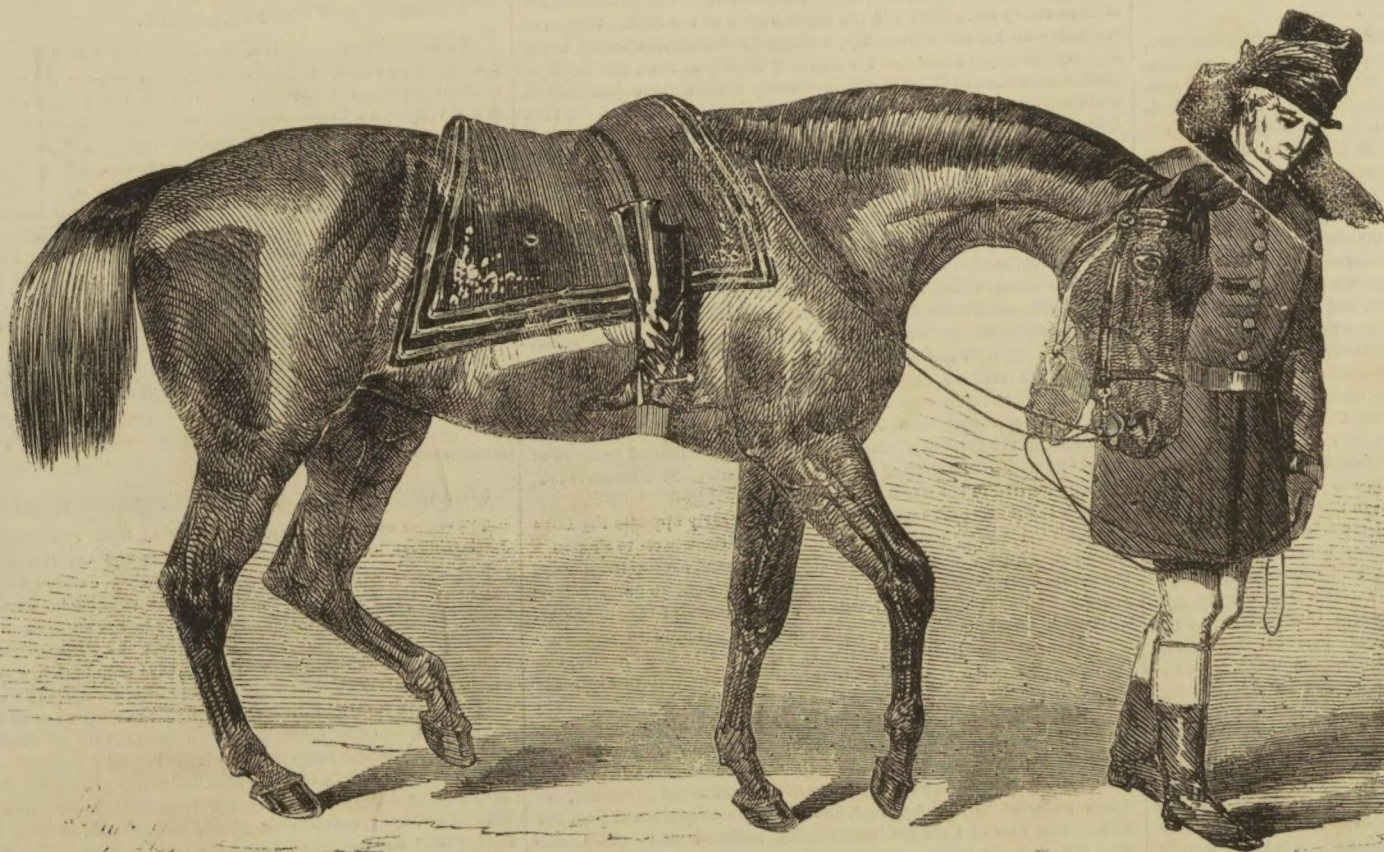
left—and heavy columns of armed men were dimly seen advancing from the Bird-cage-walk on the one side and from the Queen's-mews on the other. As they approached more nearly, their measured tramp became more distinctly heard, and their bayonets began to reflect the dull gleams of morning light. The second battalion of the Rifle brigade—a compact mass of dusky uniforms—took up their position on the extreme left, near the long gun; while on the extreme right (the post of honour), near the Cadiz mortar, was the first battalion of the Grenadier Guards. Next to the Grenadiers were the Coldstream Guards, and then came the Scots Fusiliers, the 33d Regiment, and the first battalion of Royal Marines. The bands of each regiment formed in the rear. A brilliant muster of officers of high rank in full uniform, and wearing military mourning, were assembled under the Horse Guards, awaiting the arrival of Major-Gen. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, to whom, at his special request, was confided the command of the whole of the troops in the metropolis on the day of the funeral.

The entire Parade was reserved for the military and the mourning-coaches, the latter of which were irregularly drawn up at each side of the Parade, ready to obey the order of Garter King-at-Arms, and to take their proper rank in the procession. The troops, which were drawn up in contiguous column, at quarter distance, had thus "ample space and verge enough" for their evolutions. The infantry alone occupied the Parade-ground in front of the Horse Guards; the cavalry and artillery being drawn up along the Mall leading from Buckingham Palace to Carlton-terrace and stables. On the left, near the Treasury, were seen the six

state carriages of her Majesty and the Royal family, each drawn by six incomparable horses, and attended by a crowd of the Royal footmen in rich liveries of scarlet and gold lace. The state carriage of the Speaker of the House of Commons was also seen on the Parade, near the Treasury.

Under the shadow of the Horse Guards, and just under the suite of rooms occupied by the Commander-in-Chief, was the gigantic pavilion containing the funeral car, upon which the crimson and gold coffin now reposed, having been removed from the Audience Chamber early in the morning. The sides of the tent were closely secured until a few minutes before eight o'clock, when the tent was struck, and exposed to the view of the military on the Parade the coffin and car. At the word of command, "Present arms!" every musket and sword were raised in respectful homage to the memory of the great commander; while the muffled drums gave a long and heavy roll that sounded like distant thunder. The cavalry and artillery in the Mall now drew their swords. Minute guns in the Park began to fire a funeral salute. The troops were, after a short interval, ordered to "Reverse arms!" and thus in the attitude of mourners, and in view of the body of the illustrious departed, the military awaited the signal to move off.

The moment belonged to history. Here, under the walls of the building with which his name had been so long identified, lay all that was mortal of Arthur Duke of Wellington. The mind reverted to that far distant period when, in 1787, a missive issued from this building which made the heart of the young Ensign of eighteen beat high with joy and



THE DUKE'S HORSE. LED BY HIS GROOM.—(SEE PAGE 479.)



hope. Six short years hardly elapsed before another despatch from his same spot ordered him, then Lieut.-Colonel of the 33rd, to embark at Cork, with his regiment, to join the Duke of York's army in the Netherlands. Hither, too, young Colonel Wellesley repaired, upon his return, to receive the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief for the wary, resolute, and skilful manner in which he had commanded, as senior officer, three battalions on the retreat of the army through Holland. When he next mounted the staircase leading to the Audience Chamber, it was after eight years' brilliant service in the East. He was then the young hero of Assaye; and clerks in the War Office and the Quartermaster-General's Department, hearing of his arrival, left their desks to get a glance at one who had plainly entered upon a career teeming with great exploits, while young aides-de-camp vied with each other in their praises and congratulations. A few years more and the Audience Chamber witnessed the Lieutenant-General of forty explaining to a Prince of the Blood Royal his plans for the campaign in Portugal. He was now in the prime of life, confident in himself, and in the coolness and courage of his troops; nor did he descend the staircase with a less buoyant step as he remembered that he was going forth to measure his prowess with Napoleon's best Marshals, with the probability of bringing down upon him the most irresistible military genius of modern times, with his vast armies. He embarked for Lisbon, and then began to arrive a series of despatches, which, opened in this very building, announced a series of brilliant victories that make the very walls vocal with his praise. Could the Lieutenant-General have even dimly conceived that when he next entered the Audience Chamber of the Horse Guards, after an absence of five years, it would be as a Field-Marshal and a Duke? Waterloo followed; and England, already lavish of her honours, had no higher title wherewith to reward her famous commander. The next and last step was an easy one for such military greatness. It was reasonable that he who had been appointed by common acclaim to the Command-in-Chief of the Allied Armies of Occupation in France, should at length fill the post of Commander-in-Chief of the gallant army which he had so often led to victory against overwhelming numbers and the bravest antagonists. Here, in the Audience Chamber, from which his pallid and lifeless remains have just been removed, the soldier, who had himself once been ushered with palpitating heart into the presence of his military superiors, was now in his turn to receive timid ensigns and gallant veterans, to whom his nod was fate. Here he laboured unceasingly to increase the comforts, and improve the efficiency of the British army. He never forgot the difficulties and disorganization against which he had to struggle in the conduct of the Peninsular War. His example, his military maxims, his close attention to the minutest details of discipline, and his incessant care for the comfort and contentment of the soldiery have passed into traditions less perishable than the stones of the edifice with which his name will ever be identified.

He had left that building for the last time, and lay under the windows from which he so often had looked out into the Parade upon the household troops, of whom he was so proud. A thousand veterans who had seen him giving his orders unblenched, under the hottest fire, now gazed upon his funeral bier with dimmed eyes and sad hearts; and young and gallant soldiers thought, perhaps, that, if opportunity served, they also could emulate his valour, his coolness, and his unswerving loyalty.

The word of command was given. The infantry, beginning with the Rifle Brigade, moved off in sections, eight in front, headed by their band. They were followed by the Marines and the 33rd Regiment.

Every band played the "Dead March in Saul." A tremendous roll of the drums denoted that the Coldstreams were in motion. A pause—a few measured beats of the drum—then a grand outburst of slow and solemn music. But it was still the "Dead March." Our bands are satisfied with Handel, and they are right. Heard from all those companies of musicians—now near, and now distant—this sublime strain of grief never tired. Now, in the distance, it reached like a low wail; and then, at a turn of the road, it burst upon us with magnificent fullness and grandeur of harmony. Now it seemed to pierce the skies with accents of a sadness too heavy to be borne; and then, becoming more assuring, the strain whispered of fortitude, manly resolution, and a sustained hope beyond the grave.

The eight cavalry bands, too, being in motion along the Mall, contributed their notes of measured grief. The "trumpet's silver sound" still discoursed Handel's music, and the ear found a new beauty in every accidental combination by which the breeze or the distance imparted novelty to the effect.

The soldiers having filed off, the Kings-at-Arms, in their gorgeous tabards, marshalled the mourning-coaches in their due order of precedence. The Knights Grand Crosses of the Order of the Bath were nobly represented by Lieut.-General Sir E. Blakeney, who fought with the Duke in the Peninsula, and is Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland; Admiral of the Fleet, Sir G. Cockburn, who conveyed Napoleon to St. Helena; Lieut.-General Sir George Pollock, who forced the Khyber Pass and took Cabul; and Viscount Palmerston. These four filled one mourning-coach.

The mourning-coaches containing the Judges, the Cabinet Ministers, and the Great Officers of State, had long since arrived with their several occupants, and only needed to be marshalled by the heralds. But so soon as the Archbishops were despatched, and the Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General, with their assistants and deputies, all high and potential authorities at the Horse Guards, had left—a brilliant group—who immediately preceded the Royal carriages, containing Prince Albert and his suite—a series of mourning-coaches drove up to the entrance of the Horse Guards, and there awaited their illustrious occupants. To give greater dignity and effect to the departure of the distinguished representatives of foreign armies, Garter King-at-Arms, in his scarlet coat, upon which the Royal arms of England are most richly embroidered in gold, and bearing his bâton as principal King-at-Arms, himself ushered them, with due heraldic observance, to their carriages. The Duke of Osuna entered the first carriage. You might have guessed the nation he represents by the *empressement* with which the Spanish colonels who accompanied him entreated each other to mount first after him the carriage steps. That old man, with silvery hairs, who, covered with decorations, bore the Duke's bâton as a Russian Field-Marshal, was the Russian General, Prince Gortchakoff, who was present at Waterloo. He is aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia, and *chef de l'état*—a position of no mean distinction at the Court of the Czar. The Prince was accompanied by the Count de Benckendorf and two other Russian soldiers, whose breasts bore marks of their valour and the favour of their powerful Monarch. Prussia sent another venerable warrior in the Count de Nostitz, a General of cavalry, and aide-de-camp to the King, who saved Blücher, at Quatre Bras, at the hazard of his own life, and fought at Waterloo. Portugal sent one of her greatest nobles in Marshal the Duke de Terceira, who enjoys the high honorary title of Grand Ecuyer to her most faithful Majesty. From the Netherlands we had a friend of the King in the Baron d'Omphal, an aide-de-camp to his Majesty of Holland, who was accompanied by the King's chamberlain. A hundred veterans at Chelsea Hospital would recognize the representative of Hanover in the old and gallant General Sir Hugh Halkett, whose life is a romance, and who so often led his Hanoverian Legion to emulate the steadiness and valour of English troops in the Peninsular campaigns. All those foreign visitors who carried the Duke's continental bâtons were accompanied by generals and colonels of their respective armies, whose gorgeous military uniforms could not fail to attract attention, even among

so distinguished an assemblage as that in St. Paul's Cathedral. Last, and most remarkable of all that gallant company, was the venerable Marquis of Anglesey, the first cavalry officer of his day, who, supported by the Dukes of Richmond and Cleveland, all in military uniform, entered a mourning coach as the bearer of the Duke's bâton as an English Field-Marshal.

Two other mourning-coaches now drew up to receive the pall-bearers. When we say that the first contained Viscount Combermere, the Marquis of Londonderry, Sir Peregrine Maitland, and Viscount Hardinge; and the second, Lord Seaton, Sir G. Woodford, Viscount Gough, and Sir C. Napier;—we have given a list of eight of the most distinguished of those gallant veterans who followed the Duke in his Peninsular campaigns.

The twelve horses attached to the funeral car were now urged to a simultaneous effort, and the car was drawn from under the tent. Its ponderous weight is seen in the traces left by the wheels. But the horses walked away easily with their magnificent load. The Colonels carrying the bannerols now surrounded the car, and their gaily-painted flags, the rich bronze of the funeral car, the gilt bier, the trophies of modern arms, the canopy of silver and silk tissue, and the splendid crimson and gold of the coffin, relieved, by the brilliancy of their colours, the funereal black of the rich silk velvet pall, which is, moreover, powdered with silver heraldic collars. With such pomp and stateliness the mortal remains of the hero left the scene consecrated by his labours no less than by his victories.

The pall-bearers and the coffin were preceded by the fine band of the Grenadier Guards (the Duke's own regiment), playing the sublime "Dead March."

After the funeral car came a long train of mourning-coaches, containing the present Duke of Wellington, the chief mourner; his brother, Lord Charles Wellesley; and other members of the Duke's family. Other mourning-coaches, containing his intimate personal friends, followed; among whom were Lord Raglan (so long the Duke's right hand at the Horse Guards as Lord Fitzroy Somerset), the Earl of Westmoreland, the Earl of Ellenborough, Viscount Mahon (to whom has been confided the Duke's biography, and the publication of his papers), Lord Colchester, &c. To these succeeded the Duke's dark-brown horse, led by his body-groom. Suspended from the saddle were the Duke's boots and spurs. The suggestive picture formed by this mute mourner excited great sympathy along the line of route, and caused tears to spring unbidden from a thousand eyes, which had looked upon the long and princely train of mourning-coaches unmoved.

When the mourning-coaches had gained the site opposite the Duke of York's Column, the gate of the enclosure of St. James's Park opposite the Horse Guards was thrown open; and the detachments of the various regiments of the army—which had been drawn up six in front, in single ranks, without muskets, and only carrying their side arms—marched from the enclosure after the procession, of which they formed a most interesting feature. The band of the 93rd Highlanders followed. They also played the "Dead March;" but, in the Strand, they changed the music to the scarcely less noble and solemn "Adeste Fideles." The carriages of the Queen and Royal Family, and several private carriages, closed the procession, which was brought up by an escort of the Horse Guards (Blue). They had need be men and horses capable of enduring fatigue, for we hear that they had been on duty for nearly 24 hours, and that they were to be seen in all parts of London on the previous night, conveying orders and messages for personages engaged in the proceedings of Thursday. When these Blues reached Temple-bar, they turned their horses' heads round, in order to hinder the crowd from following the procession, by which position they prevented all pressure from the rear. Every soldier in the procession, or employed in keeping order in the City, had a shilling presented to him in addition to his pay.

It was about a quarter to ten o'clock when the last of the procession left the Horse Guards, at which hour the Rifle Brigade, which led the advance, were emerging upon Charing-cross.

#### THE MALL.

The centre mall in St. James's Park, between Buckingham Palace and the Carlton stables was from an early hour in the morning occupied by the cavalry and artillery. The former were drawn up on each side the Mall, in order that the procession might pass through the lines thus formed. No less than eight squadrons of cavalry, making 640 swords, and accompanied by their respective bands, were thus formed into two opposite lines. In the gardens of Marlborough House a large scaffolding was erected by the Department of Works for the accommodation of officers of the civil service, &c.; admission to which was obtained by cards signed by Lord John Manners. Similar accommodation was provided at Stafford House. The Queen, accompanied by the Royal children, and the two young Belgian Princes, the sons of King Leopold, appeared in the centre balcony of Buckingham Palace, and watched from an early hour the effect produced by the waving plumes, the burnished helmets and cuirasses, and the snorting and impatient steeds of the cavalry stationed along the entire length of the Mall. When the successive battalions of infantry, with muffled drums, reversed arms, and funeral step, had cleared the Duke of York's column, the band of the Royal Artillery fell into the procession, heading nine guns of the Field Batteries, each gun a 9-pounder. Then came the band of the 17th Lancers, and a squadron of that regiment by threes. The 8th Hussars, the Scots Greys, and the 8th Dragoon Guards, then followed by threes, headed by their respective bands, each of which played solemn music. The cavalry of the line were followed by eight guns of the Royal Artillery. Then the band of the 1st Life Guards, with heart-thrilling strains of plaintive music, led the way before the cavalry of the household brigade, comprising the Horse Guards (Blues), the 2d Life Guards, and the 1st Life Guards. The fine soldier-like bearing of the horse-soldiers, the precision with which they moved after the procession "from the left of squadrons," and the docility with which the noble steeds obeyed the slightest motion of bridle or knee of their gallant riders, rendered this a striking portion of the military spectacle, which was watched with untiring eyes by the crowds assembled upon the noble flight of steps leading to the Duke of York's column, the thousands assembled in the gardens of Carlton-terrace, and the limited numbers of the public who were admitted within the enclosure of St. James's Park, and who hurried to the side nearest the Mall.

When the funeral car had reached the Mall, nearly opposite the Duke of York's Column, its ponderous weight caused the wheels to sink in a small gutter intersecting the Mall. The wheels sank several inches, and the twelve horses could not for some time be brought to pull together, notwithstanding the zealous efforts of the sergeants of the Royal Artillery who accompanied them. Aides-de-camp galloped to and fro—advice was tendered, and orders were given on all sides—the Duke of Cambridge furiously galloped up Constitution-hill and down Piccadilly to tell the commanding officers that the car had broken down, and directing a halt—and her Majesty, alarmed at the delay, sent to inquire into the cause. After a pause of a quarter of an hour, by the assistance of a body of police, of some private soldiers and militiamen, and of a few bystanders who lent their aid by means of ropes attached to the car, the horses were got to pull together, and the car was extricated from the mud. The Earl of Cardigan immediately galloped off to the Queen with the welcome intelligence that the cause of delay had been overcome, and that the car, uninjured, was on its way again. The bands of the various regiments saluted the Queen in passing; and it is deserving of notice that the Royal standard was lowered upon the flagstaff at

Buckingham Palace while the funeral procession passed by—a signal mark of respect to the memory of one not of royal blood.

#### CONSTITUTION-HILL AND APSLEY HOUSE.

It was one of the circumstances attendant upon the Duke's funeral, that almost every one who saw it was not only satisfied with his position, but was inclined to think it better than any other. The spectator upon the roof of the Horse Guards and the Admiralty thought nothing could be finer than the marshalling of the procession and the assembling and evolutions of the troops upon the spacious Parade-ground. The fair occupants of galleries in the gardens of Stafford House, Marlborough House, and Carlton-terrace, would not have exchanged for any other the "sight entrancing" of

Files array'd  
With helm and blade,  
And plumes in the gay wind dancing."

The persons fortunate enough to gain the roof of St. George's Hospital saw the procession come up Constitution-hill, and witnessed the departure of one-half the cavalcade and the approach of the other. The view from this point also took in the Duke's mansion, the colossal equestrian statue over the Wellington Arch, and the Achilles statue in Hyde-park. The view of the procession from the centre of Piccadilly had also its points of especial interest; for horse and foot, mourning-coaches, and funeral car, were seen stretched along in a magnificent line of pageantry. Charing-cross presented an imposing scene in the vastness of the area, and the dense masses by which it was occupied, and had its point of special interest in being the spot where the eighty-three Chelsea pensioners, in their long scarlet coats, and bearing black wands, joined the procession. The Strand was a sea of heads in such close proximity on either side of the way, and windows, balconies, foot-paths, and house-tops, were occupied with such economy of space, that the pulsation of human life had its own strong and memorable interest. East of Temple-bar, the spectators could congratulate themselves upon seeing the procession with its final additions of Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen; while the eighteen thousand favoured individuals, who thronged to St. Paul's, would not have been anywhere in the world on that day, save in the metropolitan cathedral, and around the grave of the departed hero. Thus, of the incredible masses who thronged the line of procession, all experienced a sad and chastened satisfaction, in having witnessed the melancholy *cortège* from some point along the line which disclosed some peculiar feature of beauty and interest.

Hyde Park-corner and Grosvenor-place were choked up with human beings, whose first glance was turned to Apsley House. The well-known mansion had a tenanted and desolate air. The household gods were mute. The entrance-gate into the courtyard was closed. Every window was shrouded in darkness, and there were the iron blinds still closed which, looking upon the Park, have long enough told in dumb eloquence the melancholy story of the fickle ingratitude and the violence of an excited populace. A guard of honour of Light Dragoons was placed in front of Apsley House. Wyatt's statue of the Duke upon his favourite horse, Copenhagen, pointed like a spectre to the road along which grim death had now marshalled the way. Westmacott's statue of Achilles, looming in gigantic proportions through the morning mist, stood in silent but emphatic witness not only of the gratitude of the Duke's fair countrywomen, but of the terrible battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo, in which those thirty tons of ordnance metal were silenced and captured. At twenty minutes to nine the detachment of Life Guards, which opened the procession, reached the Wellington arch; and, amid intense and respectful silence, the Rifles and the rest of the military passed beneath the arch, and turned into Piccadilly. The several bands played the "Dead March" as they passed Apsley House, but the Life Guards band substituted for the march a solemn and subdued roll of muffled drums, which sounded like the muttering of low and distant thunder. A delay (the cause of which we have already described), occurred here, so that precisely two hours elapsed from the arrival of the advanced guard before the sad procession had passed Apsley House.

It was remarked that, whether by accident or design, the funeral car and coffin remained for a few minutes stationary under the Wellington Arch. The scene at this moment was solemn and affecting. The large open space around Hyde-Park-corner, the Knightsbridge-road, the tops of the houses, and even the arches leading into Hyde Park, were filled with people, who maintained a decorous gravity, well suited to the thronging memories of the Duke around them. When the funeral car was passing Apsley House, there was a general cry of "Hats off!" which was immediately complied with; and thus, bare-headed, the vast assemblage did reverence to the deceased, as his corpse passed the mansion so long consecrated by his presence, and teeming with the invaluable trophies of his glorious campaigns.

#### PICCADILLY.

This fine long entrance into the metropolis was marked out by its position as an eligible and favourite point of view. Most of the mansions at the upper end of Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park, are able more or less to overlook Constitution-hill, and could see the procession soon after it emerged from Buckingham Palace. The mansions of Miss Burdett Coutts and Baron Rothschild were, like Apsley House, entirely closed, and not a single face was visible at any of the windows. But the front wall of the courtyard of Devonshire House was fitted up with wooden galleries, which gave admirable accommodation to many hundreds of persons of rank and fashion. The houses along Piccadilly are, for the most part, provided with balconies; and these, and the windows of every house, were occupied from an early hour. The balconies of the Coventry Club were covered with rich black drapery: they were occupied exclusively by ladies.

When the procession reached St. James's-street, the crowds seen down this street, and along Piccadilly, seemed to be reaching an incredible climax of grandeur. The people filled the pathways, and swarmed upon the tops of coaches, carts, waggons, and omnibuses, that were brought into the road.

#### ST. JAMES'S PALACE, ST. JAMES'S-STREET, PALL-MALL.

The course of the procession was diverted from Piccadilly down St. James's-street, in order to allow her Majesty and the Royal Family an opportunity of witnessing the *cortège* from St. James's Palace. The *habitudes* of this aristocratic region of clubs determined to avail themselves of this fortunate diversion; and the most extensive and complete preparations were made. St. James's-street and Pall-Mall, indeed, presented almost a continuous line of lofty tiers or galleries, some of them capable of containing from a thousand to fifteen hundred persons. These galleries were covered with black cloth, the outer portion of the framework being in some cases hung with heavy folds of black drapery, gracefully festooned and looped with black and white cords. The Oxford and Cambridge, in addition to these marks of respect, placed at intervals along their spacious tiers of galleries mantles of black silk, fringed with silver, upon which were placed escutcheons, bearing the initial letter "W," and surmounted with the ducal coronet. The St. James's Club, Crockford's, the Travellers', the Army and Navy, Brookes's, Boodle's the Reform, the Athenæum, and the other princely edifices in this quarter, took the opportunity afforded by their extensive frontage to construct tiers of substantial galleries, more or less in accordance with



the architectural features of their respective mansions, and covered and draped with the signs of mourning. At the entrance of Marlborough House was a spacious gallery, occupied by two or three hundred persons. All these galleries were crowded to excess by distinguished spectators, most of them ladies, and all in the deepest mourning. No portion of the route could have made a deeper impression upon the distinguished foreigners in charge of the Marshal's batons than the line along St. James's-street and Pall-Mall. The Carlton Club alone had no visitors and no public breakfast. The Duke was one of the founders of the Carlton, and remained a member until his death, and these indications of mourning stood out impressively amid the general preparations.

In front of St. James's Palace a guard of honour was placed; and in apartments close to the main entrance were her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Prince Alfred, and the Princess Alice. The youthful Princess Charlotte of Belgium, whose brothers had repaired to St. Paul's Cathedral after witnessing the passing of the procession from Buckingham Palace, accompanied her Majesty and the Royal family. The Royal group also included the Duchess of Kent, their Serene Highnesses the Princesses of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and the Princesses Adelaide and Feodore of Hohenlohe. A scene of indescribable beauty and solemnity immediately began to open upon the view of the Royal and illustrious party.

The sun shone resplendently, as, at a quarter after nine, the advanced guard of the Life Guards slowly turned into St. James's-street from Piccadilly. The sounds of plaintive melancholy music, softened by distance, had prepared the eager but hushed crowd for the approach of the procession; and when the band of the Rifles came into view the solemn strains of the "Dead March in Saul," and its exquisite appropriateness, were soon recognised. The dark and sombre uniform of the Rifle Brigade, which alone of all the battalions carried no colours, made them appear in the distance like a dusky mass of armed men, and furnished an artistic foil to the scarlet and gold of the Life Guards who led the way. Then came the fine band of the Chatham division of Royal Marines, also playing the "Dead March." The red jackets of the Marines contrasted finely with the dark uniform of the Rifles. As this amphibious body of troops passed down the street, with their colours containing the red cross of England upon a ground of rich blue, a hundred officers in the galleries declared that the Royal Marines were as fine, as steady, and as gallant a body of men as any in her Majesty's service; and before the procession arrived at the Senior United Service a thousand naval and military veterans had endorsed the opinion. And now, as another regiment turned the corner, the military men recognising their scarlet facings and coats, exclaimed "Here is the 33d, the Duke's first regiment! It is to be called 'Wellington's Own!'" The colours of this regiment were regarded with peculiar interest, and the Ensigns who bore them, and the sergeants with fixed bayonets who guarded them, seemed conscious of the honour they enjoyed in carrying the colours which the Duke himself once bore. The colours of the 33d—a red cross upon a white ground—carry two names which mark the commencement and the close of the Duke's long military career, "Seringapatam" and "Waterloo." They are not picked men, but form a very good specimen of an average British infantry regiment—men who cannot plume themselves upon being all "five foot ten," or of parading as steadily as the Guards, but rough and ready fellows, who would be as fresh after a forced march as their comrades, and quite as forward in a run at an escalade.

The Rifles were now out of sight, and St. James's-street and Pall-Mall were a bright mass of moving scarlet. In the distance was heard a band of music of extraordinary power, and soon the united bands of the Coldstreams and the Scots Fusilier Guards turned into St. James's-street with a burst of overpowering richness and harmony. The very air seemed laden with heaviness and sorrow. The simple and swelling strains of the "Dead March" increasing in grandeur as the musicians drew near the Palace, broke into an irresistible volume of sound which penetrated every soul, and brought a tear into many an eye. The battalion of the Scots Fusilier Guards, another steady mass of moving scarlet, marching with cad but soldier-like step, then filled the street. They were followed by a similar battalion of the Coldstreams, and these by the first battalion of Grenadier Guards—the latter the Duke's regiment. No band of music was permitted to break the solid columns of these three battalions of English Foot Guards, the picked infantry of Great Britain. The battalions were of 600 men each; and when they filled the two streets there was something imposing and massive in their air and march, which gave their countrymen, and perhaps their Queen, the assurance that they would encounter the shock of war with the same steadiness as when they met the Old Guard at Waterloo. Less grim in their appearance than the veterans of Napoleon, they are quite as grand and warlike in their port. The colours of each regiment of Foot Guards carry the honourable names of Egypt, Talavera, Barossa, and Waterloo.

Another of the contrasts which give brilliancy to military spectacles! The band of the Royal Artillery, with their brass instruments and dark-blue uniform, were now seen. Then, a nine-pounder, drawn by a fine team of six horses, was seen, with six men walking on each side. A small party of artillerymen followed the gun; and then eight more guns, similarly accompanied, came thundering down the street. These were the field batteries; and admirably served, and in the highest degree of efficiency, this most important arm of the service appeared to be. During all the best years of his life, the old man who now lies confined and in his shroud was more familiar with the thunder of their fire than the ladies in those balconies were with the slamming of a door. Did they then, on looking upon those powerful horses and those murderous guns, remember how necessarily a soldier's sense of hearing becomes dulled amid incessant cannonades; and did they cease to wonder at that deafness which grew upon the venerable warrior, and made the conversation of his friends often a painful effort rather than a pleasurable gratification?

Another band turned the corner, and we had the beautiful blue uniform of the 17th Lancers, which reaches the height of beauty and richness in the Colonel, Lord de Ros, the premier Baron of England, who served that day upon the staff of the Duke of Cambridge, as his Royal Highness's Quartermaster-General. The Lancers carried upon their lances the red and white pennons, which fluttered in the breeze—"the last relics of the weapons of ancient chivalry, as the cuirasses of the Life Guards are of its armour." The brass band of the 13th Light Dragoons brought upon the scene another picturesque-looking regiment, in an elegant uniform of blue and gold, and mounted upon light and fleet chestnuts: their colours have the names "Peninsula" and "Waterloo." Another brass band, with its piercing notes, succeeded; and next we had the Hussars, with their dark jackets hanging loosely from the shoulders. Their horses are small and wiry, forming a marked contrast with the powerful grey chargers of the Scots Greys, who, in their bright red uniforms, nodding plumes, and handsome black caps, came proudly down the street, not unmindful of that terrific charge at Waterloo, in which, supported by the Inniskilling Dragoons and the English Life Guards, and commanded by the gallant Marquis who carried the Duke's English baton, they performed such prodigies of valour, and assisted to convert an obstinate battle into a triumphant victory. The Dragoon Guards followed, upon large black horses: their brass helmets and heavy swords flashed out brightly from their dark-blue uniforms. The Horse Artillery succeeded, with six guns, each drawn by four horses, and served by mounted artillerymen. The wonderful celerity of the manoeuvres of this force has impressed our continental visitors with an opinion that its efficiency, which strikes them with astonishment, is somewhat underrated by our countrymen.

A halt was commanded just as the Duke of Cambridge and his staff ap-

peared in sight, at the head of the Life Guards, and the delay gave her Majesty and the Royal children an opportunity of admiring the contrasts of colour which the various cavalry regiments within sight supplied. The word was soon given to march again; and the brilliant Life Guards, upon their large and shining black steeds, appeared in their magnificent uniforms of scarlet and gold, richly accoutred and caparisoned, with gleaming helmets, glittering cuirasses, and superb snow-white plumes. The splendid cavalcade now reached its climax; and probably her Majesty and her Court may have thought, with the veterans of the Clubs, that never had the Queen's cavalry and infantry turned out in finer order, or made a more gallant show.

The soldiers from every regiment in the service destined to represent the army in the Cathedral, heralded in the private carriages of the deputations from public bodies, and the heads of great departments in the State. The Judges, in their robes of ermine and scarlet, and the Ministers, in their Windsor uniforms, almost escaped observation in their close mourning-carriages; although Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Walpole, the Earl of Malmesbury, and the Earl of Derby were eagerly looked for, and recognised. The carriage of the Duke of Northumberland was easily known, by the bright blue equipage; and the Archbishops of York and Canterbury were also objects of respectful interest. The state carriage of the Speaker of the House of Commons formed, too, a beautiful feature in the procession, as it rolled down St. James's-street. The Standard or Pennon, the Guidon, the Banner of Wellesley, carried by field officers, to be handed over to the most illustrious officers in the army at St. Paul's, gave some life to the long and sombre train of private carriages and mourning-coaches. By-and-by the Royal children quickly recognised the state carriage drawn by six horses, containing Prince Albert, and attended by the state footmen. When three of his Royal Highness's carriages, each with six horses, had turned into St. James's-street, they made a gallant show, which agreeably relieved the monotony of the mourning-coaches. The band of the Royal Horse Guards followed the Prince, and preceded the Great Banner, which was the place of honour in the procession. It was borne by Colonel Chatterton, and was handed over, in St. Paul's Cathedral, to Sir James Macdonell, the hero of Hougoumont, to whom the Duke awarded the palm as one of the bravest of the brave who fought at Waterloo.

The foreign generals, in their splendid uniforms and brilliant decorations, were received with respectful and admiring glances. But all eyes impatiently watched for the funeral car: and soon the twelve black horses, covered from head to foot in black velvet housings, emerged, three abreast, from Piccadilly.

There was the car at last, with its venerable burden—stately, towering, and massive. We described it last week, but sometimes the terms employed by one pen may be understood by those who fail to realise distinctly the phrase of another. The funeral car then, "is a series of repetitions of designs, forming a majestic whole. In shape something like a railway carriage truck, it is a flat surface upon wheels, upon which is raised a golden dais, elaborately ornamented, and terminating in halberds, which support a rich tissue of woven black and gold, the latter predominating, and producing a lustrous effect over the whole. The wheels of the car are formed by repetition of truncated oaks, the circle of the wheels being formed by double dolphins extended between the points of the cross. These are of solid bronze, and the centre of each wheel is formed by a lion's head, sharply moulded and vigorous in model. These wheels are six in number, and the body of the truck is brought down between each of them, so as to take off that meagreness of outline which would be occasioned by mere straight lines upon wheels. In each department between the wheels is a figure of Victory, or Fame, holding in either hand a laurel and an olive. This figure is repeated in high relief, and larger proportions, upon each corner of the truck, which is also all of bronze. In the centre of the front rises a boldly-conceived design of the arms of the Wellington family, with the supporters. At each side of the dais is constructed a splendid military trophy formed of two cuirasses, surmounted by a helmet. From these radiate, in the first instance, swords, bayonets, and other small arms; the effect being completed, on each side, by the flags of an infantry regiment, beyond which extend a cavalry ensign. The pyramidal form of these trophies has been artistically attained by small drums under the flags, above which were deposited splendid arms, holsters, &c., of Indian manufacture. At the corners of the truck were laid, as if without art, heavy pieces of artillery, also of Eastern make. Wreaths of laurel and cypress were pendent on the side of the car, whilst garlands of bay were laid on other parts, and on the coffin and by its side were laid the palm with crowns of *immortelle*. It may be interesting to note that in obtaining this palm—the true date-palm that grows about Jerusalem—there was much difficulty, and it was only through the kindness of Sir William Hooker that a supply was obtained from the only available source—the gardens at Kew. At each side of the dais are five entablatures, each of them containing the titles of three victories gained by the late Duke. All above this was expressive of death, for upon that dais lay the coffin. The coffin rested upon a pall of rich black velvet, powdered with the ensigns of the Duke's honours, having a border of bay-leaves, the stems and berries of which were exquisitely intertwined; underneath which is the legend, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and terminating in a silver fringe of a foot and a half in depth." In the panels of the rich pediment of gilding is inscribed the following immortal series of victories:—Ahmednuggur, Assaye, Argaum, Gavilghur, Rolça, Vimiero, Douro, Oporto, Talavera, Busaco, Torres Vedras, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pampeluna, Pyrenees, St. Sebastian, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, Toulouse, Quatre Bras, Waterloo. The fringe of silver was two feet deep. The coffin was covered with superb crimson Genoa silk velvet, the ornaments and heraldic decorations of which were silver richly gilt. Upon the coffin were placed the Duke's hat and sword. The gigantic vehicle, which is 27 feet long, 10 feet broad, and 17 feet high, weighs from ten to eleven tons, and is said to have cost £21,000. To steady its passage down St. James's-street, a body of police was employed, who, by means of ropes fastened to the back of the car, prevented it from attaining a velocity which might have been fatal to the horses nearest to the ponderous machine.

Mournfully, amid the tears of the spectators in the balconies, the gorgeous and towering car approached St. James's Palace. In a few minutes the stately dais, with the sacred remains of the Queen's fastest friend—her greatest but yet most loyal subject—her paternal adviser in seasons of difficulty, doubt, and danger—the warrior who had given her land peace for nearly forty years—slowly passed before the gaze of the Sovereign and the Royal children. We shall not intrude upon the grief of the illustrious circle; but her Majesty's subjects may be certain that sweeter and more honourable tears of respect and gratitude were not shed by any of the countless mourners who saw the Duke sadly carried to his long home.

#### CHARING-CROSS AND THE STRAND.

The "argente pageantry" of the procession now gave place to a new and more striking demonstration. An astounding sight was presented in Trafalgar-square, and the great arteries of the metropolis that open upon the "finest site in Europe." A sea of faces, in every part of the square, was turned anxiously towards the west. As far as the eye could reach along the Strand, every window, every balcony, the top of every house, were thronged with people. They swarmed everywhere, like hives of bees. The dense multitudes filled the square, and the foot pavements contained closely-packed masses of men and women. The side streets, leading out of the Strand, were completely built up with living masses of men and women, forming, to all ap-

pearance, a mound or rampart of heads, which were all respectfully uncovered as the stately funeral car swept by. The people were everywhere "built into the walls, swarming in the streets, and clustered like hives on every projection and parapet." No capital in Europe could have presented a spectacle of such strong human interest as the presence of these living and breathing masses supplied. Thousands had remained in the streets all night. The occupants of windows were in the streets two or three hours before break of day. Amid the melting strains of distant plaintive music caused a breathless silence, and battalion after battalion, and squadron upon squadron, each accompanied by the same melancholy music, and marching to the same measured and solemn step, traverse the populous thoroughfare. They were followed by pennon and banner and gilded coaches; and eyes, before strained to the uttermost to miss no feature in the great pageant, gleamed with new light and interest as the coffin and canopy were seen in the distance. There was a cry of "Hats off!" and the crowds stood bareheaded as the bier passed by; and with this touching and universal mark of respect the multitudes took their last gaze at the enshrouded mortal remains of England's Great Duke.

#### TEMPLE-BAR AND LUDGATE-HILL.

The last accession to the procession took place near Temple-bar, in the persons of the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the city of London. Great solicitude was, therefore, felt to view the ceremonial from this spot, and two and three guineas were given for seats commanding a good view. The Lord Mayor, in his state carriage, and the Sheriffs, in theirs; the Aldermen and Recorder, in their official robes, and the Common Council, in their mazarine gowns, awaited in Fetter-lane the arrival of the procession. The Lord Mayor had waived his claim to take precedence over Prince Albert, and, in return, was permitted to take the next place of honour, enjoying precedence over the Archbishop of Canterbury and all the other great officers of State. The splendid funeral decorations of Temple-bar were minutely described in our last Number; and, we have now only to add, that the immense sweep of the black cloth curtains, with which the Bar was covered, the rich silver cornices, which marked out the great Roman funeral arch in two stories, the silvered funeral urns, and the ten large silvered flambeaux, which emitted a flare of gas from an early hour in the morning, until shortly before the arrival of the cortege—all the decorations, wreaths, and trophies suggestive of a great military conqueror, invested with a new solemnity the entrance of the funeral car into the city of London. Strong wooden barriers had been erected along the kerb-stone on each side of the road from Temple-bar to St. Paul's Cathedral, which were kept by the soldiery. At the open space where Farringdon-street and Bridge-street intersect Fleet-street, a vast expanse of faces was seen, while even the crown of Blackfriars-bridge was occupied by persons anxious to catch this distant view of the procession. The infantry battalions, soon after passing the Bar, drew up in line along the street, beginning with the Rifles and ending near St. Paul's with the Grenadier Guards; the two flank companies of the latter battalion having been detached to join the flank companies of the 2d and 3d battalions of the same regiment, which had been posted from an early hour within the railing of St. Paul's Churchyard. Each battalion successively presented arms to Prince Albert as the carriage of his Royal Highness proceeded along the line. As the funeral car passed the battalions, the soldiers presented arms, reversed arms, and then rested upon the firelocks so reversed, until the carriage of the chief mourner had passed; and thus, with all outward marks of sorrow and regret, the procession emerged, at eleven o'clock, into the view of the innumerable multitude congregated in the streets, windows, balconies, and house-tops which lie under the shadow of St. Paul's. The sounds of military music, now near, now distant—the deep and solemn tones of the great bell of St. Paul's—the booming of the distant Tower guns—gave great solemnity to the scene. The band of the Grenadier Guards marched into the cathedral yard at the western entrance. The cavalry and artillery presented an animated picture as the various squadrons successively crested the hill, and filed off on the south side of the cathedral. At ten minutes past twelve o'clock the funeral car safely reached the area of the cathedral yard, and was drawn to the temporary erection, where arrangements had been made for removing the ponderous bier into the cathedral. A delay of nearly an hour occurred, during which, the general officers who were to form part of the procession, and the clergy, who waited in double lines near the great western door, were exposed to a searching November blast. The procession, being at length marshalled by Garter King-at-Arms, entered the cathedral; and the remains of Arthur Duke of Wellington bade an eternal adieu to the light of day!

#### THE CATHEDRAL.

Nearly 20,000 people assembled in St. Paul's: the population of a considerable town congregated under one roof! A fact difficult to realise. The great cathedral of Protestant Europe embraced within the shadow of its mighty dome the rank, genius, learning, eloquence, wisdom, valour, and enterprise of a nation unsurpassed for arts, arms, and dominion. Its Princes, judges, priests, senators, warriors, merchants, heralds, were here marshalled in picturesque and glittering splendour around the tomb of a hero. His severe Roman virtue and great exploits rendered him the preserver and defender of the State; and at his grave his countrymen were gathered, to catch a new spark of patriotism and new incited minds to heroic self-denial in the service of their cherished country.

The sublime architectural proportions of the dome were delineated as its mighty base by a line of brilliant light beneath the whispering-gallery. The rim of flame leaped along the deep, rich cornice of the nave. Seen at a midnight ceremonial, or with the daylight carefully excluded from the windows and doors of the edifice, there would be but one finer sight in the world—the exterior illumination of St. Peter's at Rome on the night of Easter Sunday. But the sun, unusually bright and clear for a November day, threw into the building a flood of light which converted the gas into a somewhat sickly yellow flame. A cold, wintry wind entered at the great western door, courting up the nave, and chilling the bare heads of the male portion of the multitude, until the pain and inconvenience became intolerable, and they were compelled to cover their heads in the sacred edifice. These were *desagremens* against which it would not have been difficult to provide, if they could have been foreseen. But when these failures and annoyances faded from the memory, there remained an indelible recollection of one of the grandest ceremonies of modern times. Yet so crowded was the canvas with illustrious figures, so fertile in incident the scene, so magnificent the spectacle, so solemn the occasion, that, although the pencil of our artist has seldom been animated by greater enthusiasm, or guided by greater skill, much must still be left to the imagination to supply.

Entering the cathedral by the great west door, the spectator found the nave filled on both sides with tiers of seats from about a yard from the floor to the furthest recesses of the lower windows. A spacious gallery was erected over the great west door, draped with black cloth, relieved by white rosettes. The expanse under the dome exhibited a vast sweep of seats, which recalled to mind the proportions of some huge Roman amphitheatre. There was even gallery piled upon gallery, for at the north and south entrances tiers of seats projected at the cornice in a "flying gallery," and were carried far back into the windowed recesses of the north and south porticoes. The seats in these galleries and the nave were filled by ladies and gentlemen in deep mourning attire; the





THE HORSE GUARDS.—MARSHALLING THE PROCESSION.





PICCADILLY.—HEAD OF THE PROCESSION.—THE RIFLE BRIGADE.



gentlemen, in compliance with the wish of the Earl Marshal, all appearing in white neckerchiefs, which somewhat relieved the sombre effect of the funeral habiliments.

If the reader would imagine himself in the centre of the space under the dome, and would anticipate by a few minutes the appearance it presented after the arrival of the procession, he would find himself in the centre of a multitude of about 7000 persons assembled under the dome, who were placed as we are about to describe. The two Houses of Parliament worthily occupied the centre compartments. They sat opposite each other, the Lords on the south side of the dome, and the Commons on the north. The Lord Chancellor occupied a chair of state in front of their Lordships; and directly opposite was a similar massive gilt chair, hung with black, which had been provided for the Speaker of the House of Commons. Some of the Peers appeared in uniform as Lord-Lieutenants, &c.; but none of them wore their scarlet and ermine robes. The members of the House of Commons, for the greater part, wore the ordinary mourning costume; and, as they mustered nearly 500 strong, their gallery presented a sombre appearance. Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Haime, Mr. Macaulay, the Attorney and Solicitor-General, Mr. H. Drummond, and Lord J. Manners were among the members present. Lord J. Russell occupied a seat in another part of the cathedral, among the friends of the Dean of St. Paul's. East of the Peers' gallery was a compartment devoted to the Military Knights of the Bath, whose uniforms of scarlet and gold stood out in bright relief between the Peers' and the Peereses' gallery under the organ. These ladies to the number of 400 or 500, attired in the deepest mourning, were enabled by their position to command not only a complete view of the dome, but also of the nave and western entrance. The Dowager Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary occupied front seats in this gallery, to which they were conducted after witnessing the arrival of the procession outside, from the gallery under the portico of the western entrance.

On either side of the organ was placed the choir, consisting of more than 200 voices, their white surplices beautifully relieving the darkness of mourners in the Peereses' gallery. Below the Knights of the Bath were the distinguished Generals who bore the foreign bâtons. The bright scarlet of the Spanish costume—the dark, but gorgeous, uniforms of Russia and Prussia—and the medals and decorations which all these visitors and their military assistant officers bore, made them objects of the most flattering interest. On the north side, facing the Knights of the Bath, and on the left of the Commons, were the diplomatic body, resplendent with stars, orders, and decorations. There were seen every variety of rich costume, civil or military—sky blue, dark blue, scarlet, gold, green, and white. Each Ambassador was accompanied by an elegantly-dressed party of intelligent *attachés*—the future Talleyrands and Nesselrodes of European diplomacy. The outrage upon General Haynau is alleged as the reason why the Emperor of Austria refused to send a military representative to carry the Duke's Austrian bâton; but there, in the diplomatic gallery, was the Austrian Ambassador, Count Colloredo de Waldsee, and the officers of his embassy and consulate. And there—omen most cheering and honourable—was Count Walewski, the French Ambassador, the diplomatic representative of the nephew of that Napoleon whom it was the mission of the great English Captain to vanquish and subdue. Be buoyant, Three per Cent! for you have no such assurance of peace and a new *entente cordiale* between France and England, as Count Walewski's presence by the grave of Wellington! The accomplished Chevalier Bunsen was also there; and the Greek Fez bowed to the representative of the Great Western Republic. The Corporation of London, in scarlet and mazarine gowns, occupied seats on the right of the House of Commons. On their right again were the representatives of the East India House and other corporations; and on the right of the corporations was the deputation from the University of Cambridge; directly opposite to whom was the deputation from Oxford, consisting of University "dons," who, in full clerical costume, accompanied the procession from the Horse-Guards. Another compartment was occupied by a large number of the late Duke's personal friends and relations. A few of the lower seats in the centre require notice. Her Majesty's Ministers sat at the base of the Peers' gallery, and the other foremost seats were occupied by the Judges and high officers of State. An open space still remained in the centre of the seats thus amphitheatrically arranged; and there was placed a frame about eight feet long, by five feet broad, and about eight feet in height. Around it were placed tabourets, covered with black cloth, edged with white borders, for the principal mourners. The nave was occupied by those ladies and gentlemen who had no official position entitling them to seats under the dome. Three or four rows of the front seats along the nave were more or less completely reserved for officers of the army, whose uniforms gave great and not unwelcome relief to the mourning habits of the civilians along the nave.

The occupants of seats in the nave found perpetual objects of interest in observing the naval, military, and official personages, who began to arrive soon after eight, in the costume of their rank. Hussars and Lancers, Life Guardsmen and Dragoons, entered the cathedral with the noisy accompaniment of clanking swords and jingling spurs; and Highlanders in their kilts, and Riflemen in their dark uniform, "foregathered" with Indian officers in light blue and grey. Nor were the rich dark blue and gold uniforms of the officers of the British navy the least honoured or the least attractive costumes in the pageant. The scarlet and furred gowns of Aldermen, and the mazarine robes of Common Councilmen were mixed up in picturesque vicinage with the white and red hoods and gowns of the University deputations.

Two light-complexioned, fair-haired youths arrived about ten o'clock, in the uniforms of the Belgian Guides and Lancers. They were the Belgian Princes. They were accompanied by the Prince of Leiningen, the Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and Prince Hermann of Hohenlohe. They had left their Royal sisters and relatives with her Majesty at St. James's Palace. These distinguished visitors of Royalty were accompanied by Colonel de Moerkkerk, Lieutenant-Colonel Biddulph, and Colonel Wyld. They took their seats in the foremost places under the dome.

At half-past eleven a solemn dirge from a band at the western portico announced the arrival of the procession. The Chelsea Pensioners tottered up the nave four abreast, and took their seats under the benches in the nave. Many were very infirm, and all seemed tired with their fatiguing and exciting march, and glad to sit down. They, too, felt the biting wind from the western entrance, and covered their thin grey hairs with their handkerchiefs. The men, selected from every regiment in the service followed and arranged themselves on each side of the nave. A stream of rich and glittering uniforms, civil and military, now came pouring in at the west door. The Standard borne by Sir Harry Smith gave the spectators an opportunity of remarking the gallant hero of Alwal. The Banner of Wellesley appeared in charge of Lord Salton, a Peninsular and Waterloo veteran. The Great Banner was worthily entrusted to Sir James Macdonnell. These banners were carried up the nave, and placed in the area under the centre of the dome. The more distinguished Generals now passed up the aisle. Lord Hardinge, Lord Gough, and Sir C. Napier occupied adjoining tabourets around the bier; and three more distinguished brothers-in-arms it would have been difficult to find, even in an assembly where all were valiant. The Speaker, in his gold robe of office, repaired to his chair of state, in front of the House of Commons. The members simultaneously rose to mark their respect for the first Commoner of the realm, while the sensation which this event caused showed that it was not the least effective

incident in the ceremonial. Her Majesty's Ministers, the Great Officers of State, and the Foreign Marshals carrying the Duke's bâtons, had gained the central area; and now, amid the gay banners outside, the rich canopy and the crimson and gold of the coffin could just be discerned. The doors of the choir were thrown open, and the Bishop of London and the Dean of St. Paul's, followed by the Prebendaries, the minor canons, and chorists, all in white surplices, swept round the amphitheatre in two lines, divided by the bier, and, uniting in the nave, slowly proceeded towards the central door to receive the body. Here, however, occurred that trying delay of nearly an hour, which was consumed in transferring the bier and coffin to the running platform, upon which the body was to be borne up the nave. At length the foreign Marshals were requested to come down to the western entrance. The heralds, with their tabards of gold lace and scarlet worn over their mourning cloaks, stood ready with spurs, helmet and crest, sword and target, surcoat, and coronet. Prince Albert, in his Field-Marshal's uniform, with the Collars and Stars of the Garter and the Bath, and the Riband and Badge of the Golden Fleece—the brilliancy of his uniform being toned down by a mourning scarf—and carrying his Field-Marshal's bâton, stood the centre figure amid a group of richly-costumed officers. The body, in its sumptuous crimson *cerceuil*, was flanked by the pall-bearers and the officers bearing the bannerets; and, all being in readiness, the subdued tones of the organ reverberated through the edifice, and the vicars choral sang in plaintive strains "I am the resurrection and the life," amid the breathless silence of the hushed and tearful multitude, who had risen by a common impulse to their feet. As that most brilliant, yet most sad and most impressive, cortege slowly proceeded up the nave, the wind gently stirred the feathers of the Field-Marshal's hat as it lay upon the coffin. This little incident, it has been truly said, "produced an indescribably sorrowful effect, in giving an air of light and playful life to that where all was dead." Close to the coffin walked the present Duke of Wellington, as chief mourner, wearing a long mourning cloak, and supported by the Marquis of Tweeddale and the Marquis of Salisbury, also in mourning cloaks; the former wearing the Collar and Badge of the Order of the Thistle, and the latter the Collar and George of the Garter over his cloak. Lord Charles Wellesley and a group of mourners followed. And thus, amid the blending tones of organ and surpliced chorists, with intervening pauses which gave solemnity to the music, and rendered more impressive the reverberations of the great bell, the coffin reached the centre of the dome, and was transferred, after a short delay, to the bier upon which it was to descend into the crypt. The hat and sword were here removed from the coffin, and their place occupied by the ducal coronet and the Field-Marshal's bâton. Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington, and the other mourners, took the seats prepared for them—the eldest son of the late Duke at the head of the coffin, Prince Albert on his right with his suite, the Peninsular and Waterloo general officers on either side of the coffin, and the foreign Generals with the Marshals' bâtons at the foot. One other mourner should not be forgotten at this instant: the Duchess of Wellington, from a distant gallery, beheld the touching ceremony.

Again the notes of the organ resounded beneath the dome, and the choir sang the "Dixi custodiam," and the 90th Psalm, both united to chants of the Earl of Mornington, the father of the deceased. In the latter psalm occur the pathetic and well-remembered words—"The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong, that they come to fourscore years: yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone." Few there were who failed to notice the appropriateness of this sad strain of the Royal Psalmist's verse. A funeral anthem, a double chant, and a dirge followed, the closing notes of which led naturally but most effectively to the "Dead March in Saul." It is difficult to describe the thrilling and profound sensation which ran round the vast audience as the coffin was now slowly lowered into the dark and silent tomb, while from "pealing organ and the piercing brass" resounded the sublime strains of Handel's music. Tearful eyes were strained in every part of the cathedral, and gallant and gentle mourners still thought they saw the coffin when it was no longer visible except to the princes and aged chiefs who were still endeavouring through blinding tears to pierce the dark chasm into which had descended that loved, honoured, venerated form.

O Melancholy, linger here awhile!  
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!

We have all stood by the grave-side and wept at the words which the choir now sweetly sang from the beautiful ritual of the Church of England—

Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay. In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succour, but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased? Yet, O Lord God, most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Then the Dean, with distinct and solemn utterance, said:—

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, of His great mercy, to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be like unto His glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself.

Death had entered upon his possession. The glittering stainless coffin was tarnished by the earth thrown upon it, in conformity with the Rubric, which directs that "earth shall be thrown upon the body by some standing by."

The Dean then said, "Lord have mercy upon us." To which the congregation fervently responded, "Christ have mercy upon us!" The Dean rejoined, "Lord have mercy upon us."

The Lord's Prayer followed; and the congregation having been requested to join audibly in the response, every man and woman in the vast edifice, animated by the strong religious fervour produced by the solemnity of the occasion, repeated after the Dean:—

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. Amen.

Since England was a nation no sublimer utterance of prayer has ever pierced the empyrean. Men were curiously moved by the organ-like depth and reverberation of the universal voice. Strangers looked as if they could shake hands with each other, so deeply stirred were that great multitude by the enthusiasm of a common patriotism and a common religion.

The funeral service ended, Garter King-at-Arms came forward, and proclaimed, as follows, the style and various titles of the deceased:—

Thus it has pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life unto His Divine Mercy, the late most high, mighty, and most noble Prince, Arthur, Duke and Marquis of Wellington, Barons Douro, Earl of Wellington, Viscount Wellington, and Baron Douro, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, One of Her Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council, and Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Forces. Also, Field-Marshal of the Austrian Army, Field-Marshal of the Hanoverian Army, Field-Marshal of the Army of the Netherlands, Marshal-General of the Portuguese Army, Field-Marshal of the Prussian Army, Field-Marshal of the Russian Army, and Captain-General of the Spanish Army. Princes of Waterloo, of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Grande of Spain of the First Class, Duke of Vittoria, Marquis of Torres Vedras, and Count of Vimiero in Portugal, Knight Grand Cross of the Imperial Military Order of Maria Theresa of Austria, Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Military Order of Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, Knight of the Order of the Elephant of Denmark, Knight of the Order of St. Spirit of France,

Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, Knight Grand Cross of the Military Order of William of the Netherlands, Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Portuguese Military Order of the Tower and Sword, Knight Grand Cross of the Orders of the Black Eagle and of the Red Eagle of Prussia, Knight of the Imperial Orders of St. Andrew, St. Alexander Newski, and St. George of Russia, Knight Grand Cross of the Supreme Order of the Annunciation of Sardinia, Knight of the Royal Order of the Rue Crown of Saxony, Knight of the Most Illustrious Order of the Golden Fleece, and the Military Orders of St. Ferdinand and St. Hermenegildo of Spain, Knight Grand Cross of the Royal and Military Order of the Sword of Sweden, Knight of the Order of St. Januarius, and of the Military Order of St. Ferdinand and of Merit of the Two Sicilies, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Military Merit of Wurtemberg, Knight of the Order of the Golden Lion of Nassau-Cassel, and Knight Grand Cross of the Orders of Fidelity and of the Lion of Baden.

The enumeration of these titles occupied several minutes.

Farewell those honours, and farewell with them  
The hope of such hereafter!

What toil, what heroism, what self-denial to reach so dizzy a summit of worldly honour, and to accomplish such vast aims of patriotism! Guizot has eloquently and felicitously said of Washington, what we may repeat over the tomb of Wellington:—"It matters little in designs so lofty what labour they have cost. There is no sweat which is not dried by such a wreath on the forehead where God places it."

The Comptroller of the Duke's household then breaking his staff of office gave the pieces to Garter, by whom they were deposited in the grave.

The following hymn from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" was now sung:—

Sleepers, wake! a voice is calling.  
It is the watchman on the walls,  
Thou city of Jerusalem!  
For lo! the bridegroom comes.  
Arise, and take your lamps!  
Hallelujah!  
Awake! His kingdom is at hand.  
Go forth to meet your Lord."

The whole of the ceremony was then concluded by the Bishop of London pronouncing the benediction:—

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always. Amen.

And, thus, beneath the colossal dome of St. Paul's, in the grandest mausoleum in Christendom, was buried ARTHUR DUKE OF WELLINGTON—

Who so sepulchred, in such pomp deth lies,  
That Kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

THE CITY AUTHORITIES IN ST. PAUL'S.—In the centre area of the Cathedral were—the Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, the Recorder, the Sheriffs, the deputation of the Common Council, and officers of the Corporation. The Lady Mayoress was seated in the Peereses' gallery. In the north transept lower gallery were the ladies of the Aldermen, Recorder, Sheriffs, Common Council, and officers of the Corporation, together with the members of the Court of Common Council not of the deputation.

#### OFFICIAL PROGRAMME OF THE PROCESSION.

INFANTRY.—Six Battalions.  
Band of the 2d Battalion Rifle Brigade.  
2d Battalion Rifle Brigade.  
Band of the 1st Battalion Royal Marines.  
—Chatham Division.  
1st Battalion Royal Marines.  
Band of her Majesty's 33d Regiment.  
Her Majesty's 33d Regiment.  
Bands of the Scots Fusilier and Coldstream Guards.  
Battalion Fusilier Guards.  
Battalion Coldstream Guards.  
1st Battalion Grenadier Guards.  
Band of the Royal Artillery.  
ARTILLERY.—Nine guns of the Field Batteries.  
Band of her Majesty's 17th Lancers.  
CAVALRY.—Five Squadrons, viz.:—  
17th Lancers.  
Band of her Majesty's 18th Light Dragoons.  
18th Light Dragoons.  
Band of her Majesty's 8th Hussars.  
8th Hussars.  
Band of her Majesty's Scots Greys.  
Scots Greys.  
8th Dragoon Guards.  
Eight Guns of the Horse Artillery.  
The 17 Pieces commanded by Colonel Whynnyes, C.B.  
Band of the 1st Life Guards.  
Royal Regiment of Horse Guards (Bikes).  
2d Life Guards.  
1st Life Guards.  
Major-General the Hon. H. Cavendish

The troops moving in the Procession, and also those on duty in assisting the civil authorities to preserve order and prevent accidents, were commanded by Major-General H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G.

The Infantry, drawn up in columns in front of the Horse Guards, presented arms and reversed arms, and having saluted the Body, moved off the Parade at eight o'clock, followed by

Marshalsmen on Foot.  
Messenger of the College of Arms on Foot.  
Eight Conductors with Staves, on Foot.  
Chelsea Pensioners, in number Eighty-three, on Foot, fell in at Charing-cross.  
Two ve Enrolled Pensioners, on Foot.  
One Soldier from every Regiment in her Majesty's Service.  
Three Soldiers of Artillery, and Three Soldiers of Infantry, of the East India Company's Army.  
Representing the Artillery and Infantry of the three Presidencies.  
Thirteen Trumpets and One Kettle-drum.  
Two Pursuivants of Arms, in a Mourning Coach.  
HENRY MURRAY LAKE, Esq., Blue Mantle.  
GEORGE WILLIAM COLLIER, Esq., Portmanteau.

THE STANDARD OR PENNON,  
Borne by Major-General Sir HARRY SMITH, Bart., G.C.B.  
(Carried in the street by Lieut.-Colonel Garwood, supported by two Captains in the Army, on Horseback.)  
Servants of the Deceased in a Mourning Coach.  
Lieutenant of the Tower, in a Carriage.  
Major-General Sir GEORGE BOWLES, K.C.B.

DEPUTATIONS FROM PUBLIC BODIES IN CARRIAGES.  
MERCHANT TAILORS' COMPANY, in One Carriage:  
CHARLES RICKARDS, Esq., Master.  
JOHN THOMPSON, Esq.,  
JOHN NORMAN, Esq.,  
JOHN EWART, Esq., Wardens.  
EAST INDIA COMPANY, in One Carriage:  
Sir JAMES WILKIE ROSS, M.P., Chairman.  
RUSSELL ELLICE, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.  
WILLIAM WIGRAM, Esq., Senior Director.  
JAMES COSMO MELVILLE, Esq., Secretary.  
CORPORATION OF THE TRINITY HOUSE, in One Carriage:  
Captain JOHN SHEPHERD (Deputy Master), Captain WELLS, Captain ELLERBY, Captain FROXYN.  
The Lieutenant and Deputy-Lieutenant of Dover Castle, in One Carriage:  
ROBERT H. JENKINSON, Esq., HENRY STUART, Esq.  
Captains of Deal, Walmer, Sandgate, and Sandown Castles, in One Carriage.  
Board of Ordnance, and Ordnance Department, in One Carriage.  
Delegation from the University of Oxford, in Two Carriages.  
Deputation from the Common Council of the City of London, in Three Carriages, fell in here, after the preceding part of the Procession had passed through Temple-bar;  
In the First Carriage, Mr. JOHN HONPHREYS, Mr. THOMAS BARKLEY, Mr. HENRY LOWMAN TAYLOR, Mr. Deputy HOLT.  
In the Second Carriage, Mr. DEPRY BOWEN, Mr. THOMAS SNELLING, Mr. FRED. FARRAR, Mr. JAMES, Mr. MICHAEL BARNARD.  
In the Third Carriage, Mr. Deputy HALE, Mr. Deputy OSBARD, Mr. EDWARD CONDER, and JOHN WOOD, Esq., Chairman.  
Two Pursuivants of Arms:  
EDWARD STEPHEN DENNY, Esq., Rouge Dragon.  
WILLIAM COULTHROP, Rouge Croix.  
Band of her Majesty's 6th Dragoon Guards.

THE GUIDON,  
Borne by General Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS, Bart., G.C.B.  
(Carried in the street by Lieutenant-Colonel ARTHUR CONYNGHAME, Supported by Two Captains in the Army on Horseback.)  
Comptroller of the late Duke's Household (Mr. COLLINS) in a Mourning Coach.  
A Mourning Coach, conveying the Physicians to the deceased,  
Dr. McARTHUR and Dr. WILLIAMS.



12" wide



WELLINGTON'S



FUNERAL CAR.

SUPPLEMENT  
LONDON  
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM LITTLE, 10, ST. MARK'S LANE, LONDON, E.C. 4.



A Mourning Coach, conveying the Chaplain of the Forces in the London district, Rev. Professor BROWN; the Chaplain-General of the Forces, Rev. R. GREGG.

A Carriage, conveying the High Sheriff of the County of Southampton.

The Sheriffs of London, in two Carriages:

Alderman CARTER, A. A. CROLL, Esq.

The Aldermen and Recorder of London; Deputation, consisting of four Carriages, followed in here after the procession had passed through Temple-bar.

In the first carriage were the Recorder and two of the Junior Aldermen.

In the second carriage were Alderman SIDNEY, Alderman MOON, Alderman HUNTER, and Sir JOHN MUSGRAVE, Bart.

In the third carriage were Alderman FINNIS, Alderman Sir JAMES DUKE, Bart., M.P., Alderman Sir WILLIAM MAGNAT, Bart., and Alderman WILSON.

In the fourth carriage were Alderman THOMPSON, M.P., Alderman HUMPHREY, Alderman FAREBROTHER, and Alderman HOOPER.

A Carriage, conveying Colonel AIREY, C.B., Military Secretary.

Companions of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four in one Carriage, viz. General Sir LOFTUS OTWAY, Vice-Admiral the Hon. JOSELYN PERCY, Lieut.-General WILLIAM SANDWICH, Sir JOSHUA ROWE.

[Members of the House of Commons were seated in the Cathedral.]

Knight's Commanders of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four, in one Carriage, viz.:

Lieut.-General Earl CATHCART, Admiral Sir JOHN WEST, Lieut.-General Sir HOPETOUN STRATHORN SCOTT, Sir GEORGE BONHAM.

Knight's Grand Crosses of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four, in one Carriage, viz.:

Lieut.-General Right Hon. Sir EDWARD BLAKENEY, Admiral of the Fleet, Sir GEORGE COCKBURN, Bart., Lieut.-General Sir GEORGE POLLOCK, Viscount PALMERSTON.

Being one of each class from the Army, one from the Navy, one from the East India Company's Service, and one from the Civil Service.

Heralds in a Mourning Coach:

GEORGE HARRISON, Esq., Windsor; MATTHEW C. GIBSON, Esq., Richmond.

Band of her Majesty's 2d Life Guards.

BANNER OF WELLESLEY.

Borne by Lieut.-General Lord SALTOUN, K.T., K.C.B. (Carried in the Street by Lieut.-Colonel R. B. WOOD, C.B., supported by two Captains in the Army on Horseback.)

A Carriage, conveying Lord CRANWORTH, Sir LEWIS KNIGHT BRUCE, Lord Justices of Appeal.

A Carriage, conveying Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

A Carriage, conveying Sir JOHN JERVIS, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

A Carriage, conveying Sir JOHN RUSSELL, Master of the Rolls.

A Carriage, conveying Lord CAMPBELL, Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench.

A Carriage conveying the Right Hon. R. CHRISTOPHER, M.P., Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

A Carriage, conveying the Right Hon. B. DISRAELI, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

A Carriage, conveying Lord COLCHESTER, Paymaster-General of the Forces.

A Carriage, conveying the Right Hon. W. BEZESFORD, M.P., Secretary-at-War.

A Carriage, conveying the Right Hon. GEORGE BANKES, M.P., Judge-Advocate-General.

A Carriage, conveying Lord RAOLAN, Master-General of the Ordnance.

A Carriage, conveying the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G., First Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty.

A Carriage, conveying the Right Hon. SPENCER WALFOL, M.P., and the Right Hon. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, M.P., the Secretaries of State for the Home and Colonial Departments.

A Carriage, conveying the Right Hon. J. S. LEFEBVRE, Speaker, representing the House of Commons.

[The Lords Spiritual and Temporal were seated in the Cathedral.]

A Carriage, conveying the Earl of MALMESBURY, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

A Carriage, conveying the Earl of DERBY, First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury.

A Carriage, conveying the Duke of NORFOLK, Earl Marshal of England.

A Carriage, conveying Lord WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY, Lord Great Chamberlain.

A Carriage, conveying The Marquis of SALISBURY, K.G., Lord Privy Seal.

A Carriage, conveying The Earl of LONSDALE, Lord President of the Council.

A Carriage, conveying The Most Rev. Dr. MUSGRAVE, Lord Archbishop of York.

A Carriage, conveying the Attendants of the Lord Chancellor.

A Carriage, conveying Lord ST. LEONARDS, Lord High Chancellor, Representing the House of Lords.

A Carriage, conveying the Right Rev. Dr. SUMNER, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

At Temple-bar, the Lord Mayor joined in the Procession, The Right Hon. THOMAS CHALLIS, M.P., attended by his Chaplain, and the Sworn-in and Mace-bearers.

Lieut.-Colonel ENOCH, Assistant Quartermaster-General.

Lieut.-Colonel W. SULLIVAN, Assistant Adjutant-General.

The Marquis of WORCESTER, Aide-de-Camp to the Deceased.

The Earl of MARSH, Aide-de-Camp to the Deceased.

Deputy Quartermaster-General.

Col. G. A. WETHERALL, Deputy Adjutant-General.

Col. G. FLETCHER, Quartermaster-General.

Major-General G. BROWN, Adjutant-General.

A Carriage of his Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT, drawn by Six Horses, with the Gentleman Usher, the Equerry, and Groom of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness.

A Carriage, drawn by Six Horses, with the Private Secretary, Treasurer, and Lord of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness:

Col. the Hon. C. GREY, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. C. B. PHIPPS, Lord GEORGE LENNOX.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

In a Carriage drawn by Six Horses, attended by the Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household, and the Groom of the Stole to his Royal Highness: The Marquis of EXETER, K.G., and the Marquis of ABERCORN, K.G.

Field Officer in Brigade Waiting.

Sergeant Trumpeter.

Heralds:

ALBERT WILLIAM WOODS, Esq., Lancaster;

WALTER ARTHUR BLOUNT, Esq., Chester.

A Mourning Coach, conveying ROBERT LAURIE, Esq., Norroy King-at-Arms.

Band of the Royal Horse Guards.

THE GREAT BANNER.

Borne by Lieut.-General Sir JAMES MACDONNELL, K.C.B. (Carried in the street by Colonel CHATTERTON, K.H., supported by two Lieut.-Colonels, on Horseback).

Here, on reaching the Cathedral, the Dignitaries of the Church met the body at the West Door, and fell in.

BATONS.

OF SPAIN—Borne by Major-General the Duke of OSUNA, in a Mourning Coach, supported by Colonel DON GABRIEL DE TORRES and Col. DON DE AUGUSTIN CALVET Y LARA.

OF RUSSIA—Borne by General Prince GORTCHAKOFF, in a Mourning Coach, supported by Major-General Count BENKENDORFF, and Lieutenant-Colonel TCHERNITZKY.

OF PRUSSIA—Borne by General the Count DE NOSTITZ, in a Mourning Coach, supported by General DE SCHANNHOEST and Lieutenant-General DE MASSOW.

OF PORTUGAL—Borne by Marshal the Duke of TERCERA, in a Mourning Coach, supported by Lieut.-General the Count DE VILLA REAL, and Major DON MANUEL DE SOUSA COUTINHO.

OF THE NETHERLANDS—Borne by Lieut.-General the Baron D'OMPHAL, in a Mourning Coach, supported by Captain GEYERS LEBUEN and Lieut. W. F. TINDAL.

OF HANOVER—Borne by General Sir HUGH HARRITT, C.B., in a Mourning Coach, supported by Colonel POZSK and MAERHOLTZ.

OF ENGLAND—Borne on a Black Velvet Cushion, in a Mourning Coach, by the Marquis of ANGLESEY, K.G.; supported by Colonel the Duke of RICHMOND, K.G., and Major General the Duke of CLEVELAND, K.G.

The Coronet of the Deceased, borne on a Black Velvet Cushion, in a Mourning Coach, by

Gentleman Usher. JAMES POLMAN, Esq., Clarendon King-of-Arms, supported by J. H. POLMAN, Esq., and SHAW LEFEBVRE, Esq.

The Pall-Bearers, Eight General Officers, in two Mourning Coaches:

General Viscount COMBERMERE, G.C.B.

General Marquis of LONDONDERRY, G.C.B.

General Sir PERCIBINE MAITLAND, G.C.B.

General Viscount HARDINGE, G.C.B.

Lieutenant-General Lord SEATON, G.C.B.

Lieutenant-General Sir ALEXANDER WOODFORD, G.C.B.

Lieutenant-General Viscount GOREAU, G.C.B.

Lieutenant-General Sir CHARLES NAHES, G.C.B.

Band of the Grenadier Guards.

A Mourning Coach, conveying THE CHIEF MOURNER, The Duke of WELLINGTON, in a long Mourning Cloak.

Supported by The Hon. WILLIAM WELLESLEY, Trainbearer.

Lord CHARLES WELLESLEY, Hon. and Rev. GERALD WELLESLEY.

A Mourning Coach, conveying The Marquis of SALISBURY, the Marquis of TWEEDDALE, Supporters.

The Earl of MORNINGTON.

A Mourning Coach, conveying the Earl CADOGAN, the Earl of GIFFORD, Lord ARTHUR HAY, Lieut.-Col. the Hon. G. L. DAMEL, Assistants.

A Mourning Coach, conveying Lieut.-Gen. Sir ROBERT HARVEY, SAMUEL BIGGOLD, Esq., Assistants. Viscount WELLESLEY, Col. CHARLES BAGOT.

A Mourning Coach, conveying Lieut.-Gen. the Right Hon. Lord RAOLAN, Hon. RICHARD FITZROY SOMERSET, the Earl of WESTMORELAND, Lord BURGHESE.

A Mourning Coach, conveying the Hon. JULIAN FANE, the Hon. and Rev. R. LIDDELL, Rev. G. D. ST. QUENTIN, Viscount CHELSEA, M.P.

A Mourning Coach, conveying the Hon. A. LIDDELL, Lord COWLEY, Lord ROBERT GROSVENOR, M.P., CULLING SMITH, Esq.

A Mourning Coach, conveying the Marquis of WORCESTER, Rev. Dr. HENRY WELLESLEY, RICHARD WELLESLEY, Esq., Lord HATHERTON.

A Mourning Coach, conveying the Hon. and Rev. Dean of St. Patrick's, the Earl of LONGFORD, Major the Hon. R. PARKINSON, Capt. the Hon. THOMAS PARKINSON.

A Mourning Coach, conveying the Hon. FENTON JOHN EVANS FEEKE, Lord BURGHELY, M.P., Sir EDMUND HAYES, Bart., M.P., Captain E. PARKINSON.

A Mourning Coach, conveying Rev. ARTHUR PARKINSON, Captain THOMAS PARKINSON, THOMAS THIRLETT, Esq., THOMAS CONOLLY, Esq., M.P.

A Mourning Coach, conveying the Rev. W. FOSTER, J. STEWART, Esq., ALGERNON GRAVILE, Esq., the Earl of ELLENBOROUGH.

A Mourning Coach, conveying Viscount MAJOR (Literary Executor to the Deceased), Lord COLCHESTER, Lieut.-General Lord DOWNES, Hon. R. CLIVE, M.P.

A Mourning Coach, conveying Major-General the Right Hon. GEORGE ANSON, Major-General ARBUTHNOT, Esq., JOHN PARKINSON, Esq.

A Mourning Coach, conveying WILLIAM BOOTH, Esq., PHILIP HARDWICK, Esq., JOHN HAMILTON, Esq.

The late Duke's Horse, led by the Groom to the Deceased.

Private Carriages of the Deceased and of the Chief Mourner.

Band of the Royal Marines—Woolwich Division.

Officers and Men from every Regiment in the Service; consisting of one Captain, a Subaltern, a Sergeant, a Corporal, and five men from every Regiment.

Band of Her Majesty's 93d Highlanders.

Carriage of her Majesty the Queen.

Two Carriages representing her Majesty's Suite.

Carriage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester.

Carriage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent.

Carriage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge.

Troops to Close the Procession.

THE DUKE'S HORSE, IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

The Duke was a bold rider, but of late years necessarily selected steady riding hacks. The horse led in the procession on Thursday last was bought about four years ago from Mr. Sullivan, an officer in the Scots Fusilier Guards. It was a mare, and remarkably steady; never shying, even under the most awkward circumstances. The Duke was accustomed to grasp his horse's mane very firmly, and pull himself into the saddle by this means. He would never allow any person to assist him; and, within a few days of his death, the station-master at Deal nearly incurred his serious displeasure by offering to hold the animal's head while he mounted. The Duke's groom, John Mears, had only just time to prevent the expression of his Grace's displeasure. This John Mears, who led the horse on Thursday, has been in the Duke's service more than thirty years. He was with him on the occasion of his Grace's duel with Lord Winchelsea, on Barnes Common, in the year 1829, and rode to the ground without knowing the affair upon which his master was engaged. He relates a curious circumstance of an altercation at the Nine Elms Gate, where the turnpike-keeper refused to allow Lord Winchelsea's coach-and-four to drive through without payment; until the Duke, riding up on horseback, and ascertaining the difficulty to arise from none of his opponent's party having any money in their possession, desired Mears to pay the toll. Viscount Hardinge, the present Commander-in-Chief, was second to the Duke on this occasion. The Duke's former groom, who accompanied his Grace through the Peninsula, was one John Carter, a highly-respectable man, who, at the close of the war, became the proprietor of the Wellington Arms, an admirable little hostelry outside the Park gates at Stratfieldsay, where he brought up a large family in respectability, and died only two or three years since. While on this subject, we may add a word on the famous horse "Copenhagen." This animal was originally a racer, and before it came into the Duke's possession had won two or three plates. "Copenhagen" was a horse of very high courage; and it is a remarkable fact, that the Duke ran a greater risk of his life on the Waterloo day from this animal's heels, than from the enemy's bullets. The Duke was on "Copenhagen's" back eighteen hours without intermission; and on alighting, the animal, with that peculiar propensity which all well-bred horses are known to possess, struck out his hind legs with great force, his hoofs missing the Duke's head by scarcely more than a hair's breadth.

FUNERAL SERMON IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, ON THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

DIVINE service having been suspended at St. Paul's Cathedral, no Funeral Sermon could be delivered there for the late Duke of Wellington; but an eloquent discourse, in reference to this national subject, was delivered on Sunday last in Westminster Abbey, by the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth. The Abbey was crowded, and those portions of the discourse which more immediately referred to the funeral and career of the great Duke, were listened to with almost breathless attention by the congregation. The Rev. Dr. took his text from Ezekiel, c. xxxvii., v. 3, "And he said unto me, son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, Thou knowest." The preacher opened his subject by explaining the nature of the strikingly prophetic vision of the dry bones in the valley of vision, and its more immediate application to the people of Israel, who were then in captivity in Babylon. "These bones, in their original signification, were symbolical of the house of Israel. They said, 'Our bones are dry, our hope is lost;' but, by this vision, they are cheered with the assurance that they should be quickened with the divine spirit, and raised to life from the valley of the shadow of death, and restored to glory in their own land." The historical application of this comforting assurance, so far as the Jews were concerned, having been illustrated, the preacher then proceeded to explain its prophetic application to the present condition of the Jews, the destruction of the mystic Babylon, upon which, in close succession, as upon the destruction of the Assyrian city, the restoration of this ancient people, and their conversion to Christianity, will follow. The application of the vision, as bearing upon the Gospel and the spiritual career of every Christian man, was eloquently touched upon; after which the preacher proceeded in the following language:—

"Let us, then, apply this prophecy more closely to ourselves, in reference to our present circumstances. When last, my beloved brethren, it was my duty to address you here, we were all summoned to a funeral; and then we considered the nature of that invitation, and what was the spirit in which it ought to be obeyed.

"We have now been to the funeral; and how, then, have we profited thereby? By looking upon another's grave, have we been made more fit for our own? Death is a school for life. Nothing is more eloquent than the silence of the tomb. The funerals of the dead are the best preachers to the living, and public funerals are national sermons; and the public funeral of the past week has uttered a voice that has penetrated into the recesses of the land. 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.'

"Suffer me to recall to your minds some of the reflections it suggested. On the day of national mourning, there passed throngs through the streets of the city. You beheld the vast concourse pressing like a mighty river through its long avenues. You saw windows thronged, and the roofs of houses and churches covered with spectators. You may have viewed the vast interior of the metropolitan cathedral, filled with a flood of men, like a harbour of the sea swollen to its brim at spring tide. How full of eagerness and life those thousands seemed to be. And then the intellectual, rational, immortal soul stirring within each of those countless beings! How full of hopes! how fertile in plans! how active in speculation! how busy in action! how liable to be swayed

and agitated by passion! How like a vast ocean, restless with currents, eddying with whirlpools, environed with rocks, and swept by storms! And now let a few years pass away, and where then will be that vast, that sea-like multitude? where will be those moving myriads which came to gaze upon another's funeral? He whose remains they followed to the grave, and consigned to his long last home—he had been the leader of armies, the hero of battles, a chief ruler in council—endowed with a mind firm and vigorous like some strong engine which never seemed to tire—a mind which was one of the main springs and sinews of the State for many years. And he now has made the grave his house, and he rests in the dark and silent slumber of the tomb. And where, and what will they be—that great multitude which looked upon his funeral, and came to commit him to the tomb? They also must participate in the common doom pronounced upon all:—'For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.' As far as this world is concerned, they also in a few years will be like the leaves of autumn, which quiver for a little in the air, and then fall as a golden shower from the boughs of a thick forest, and strew the ground beneath them.

"Consider again, my beloved brethren. You heard, perhaps, the voice of the herald in the Church proclaiming the titles of the departed at the close of the solemn ceremony; you saw the roll unfolded, you listened to the long catalogue of civil and military honours and dignities, with which his name had been associated and adorned while he was on earth. What do those honours and dignities now profit him? Can they arrest the progress of decay and dissolution? Can they preserve the mortal coil from mouldering in the dust? No! no! The richly-embossed bier and the sumptuously-ornamented coffin containing the remains of the departed, and surmounted with the coronet, descended slowly, like some spectral form, into the subterranean vault below. And at length, with all its decorations, it disappeared from the sight. It went down like the western sun clad with some radiant clouds, and then sinking beneath the wave. And the staff of his office was broken, and the fragments were cast into the tomb. And there you might see a sad and solemn spectacle, one to elicit tears and yet to inspire wisdom. There you might recognise an instructive emblem of the vanity and frailty of all mortal honours, and of all earthly hopes. How soon they fade from the sight! how soon are they merged in darkness! How soon are they broken into atoms, and lie like splinters in the grave.

"Again, let us extend our view. Let us not limit our thoughts to those who were concerned in these obsequies. Let us extend our reflections from the dome of our own cathedral to the dome of another building in a foreign, but neighbouring land. Let us expand our thoughts to him who is interred in that foreign mausoleum; and let us widen our range, as it were, from those two central domes; and let us comprehend, in the circles of our meditations, all those vast contending armies who served under these two rival warriors, and all who fought or fell on the battle-fields over which the flag of France was unfurled, or the pennon of England streamed. What a vast and stupendous spectacle is thus opened to our mind? What an array of human power! What a display of earthly splendour! How many brilliant trophies of victory now flash upon the sight! How many triumphal processions are displayed before our view! How many names of men illustrious in the world's history there pass before our eyes! Marshals, generals, nobles, and princes move in long processions before us. How many myriads upon myriads crowd upon the scene of our thoughts! where are they now? Where are their hopes, and fears, and aims? Where are their titles and honours? Their staff of office is broken, their coronets are laid low in the dust. Their swords rust in the ground. They have sunk into the deep valley—the valley of dry bones. And, now, in the words of the prophetic visions, the question is asked 'Son of man, can these bones live?' The answer is, 'O Lord, thou knowest.' We know that they who lie beneath the earth have not sunk into nothing. Their power, indeed, hath vanished—their splendour has faded—their wealth, and pomp, and glory, are no more; but they themselves wait till their last change come. We see their mortal body; and, perhaps, when looking on a funeral, we think too much of that: the car, the coffin, and the shroud—of them we think too much: we are far too apt to bury our minds, with the body, in the grave. But the body is not the man: the soul—the sentient faculty—the immortal, the invisible soul—where, where is that? That is the question. It is not in the grave. It is not beneath the pavement of the church. It is not in the city. It is not in the wilderness or solitary place. It is with other departed spirits. It is admitted either to Paradise or excluded from it. It is either in the bosom of Abraham or in a place of misery. 'Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep; but we shall all be changed: in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump—for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised.' (1 Cor. xv., 51, 52.) They who have started at the sound of the shrill clarion calling them to battle—they will arise at the sound of the last trumpet calling them to judgment. The doors of the grave will be unbarred, and the dark chambers will be opened, and bone will cleave to bone, and sinew to sinew; and they will be covered with flesh; and the earth will be thronged with a vast multitude; and the dead shall live, and stand up on their feet, an exceeding great army. The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised. And for what shall we rise? To be judged. We must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and give an account of our works. This valley of dead bones will then become a valley of Jehoshaphat—that is, a valley of judgment. Lift up the veil from the future: 'I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat upon it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.' (Rev., c. xx., v. 2.) In that day, they who have preferred the praise of the world to the approval of God, they shall inherit everlasting shame. They who have unsheathed the sword to aggrandize themselves, to gratify their own ambition, and to satiate their lust of conquest; they who have triumphed in an unjust war, and have been adored by the nations of the earth in a servile idolatry of power, their names shall be withered for ever by the scorching blast of the righteous indignation of the Judge of quick and dead. But, in that fearful day, the good soldier of Christ shall stand firm; he who has not lived for himself, but for his country, his Sovereign, and his God. He who never sacrificed the least duty to obtain the greatest glory—he who has made the world's applause to wait upon the will of God—his mortal body shall be reunited to the soul—he shall stand upright, and shall ascend to regions of eternal bliss. His earthly glory shall bloom afresh in heaven, and shall flourish with undying verdure in everlasting spring. His staff of office shall blossom like Aaron's rod, shall become a palm-branch of victory in his hand, and his earthly coronet shall be transmuted into a garland of glory, which will never fade. 'Hear, therefore, thus saith the Lord, let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me that I am the Lord, which exorcise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.' Let this consideration inspire all our hearts with godly fear. We must all pass through the valley of the shadow of death—we must all descend to the valley of dry bones—we must all stand hereafter in the valley of Jehoshaphat; but God grant, my brethren, that our lot may not be for ever in the valley of Hinnom, but in the city of God. Let us, therefore, be wise in time. In passing through the vale of misery of this transitory world, let us use it for a well of spiritual grace and virtue. Then this earthly Vale of Achan will be to us a door of heavenly hope. Then, when the Son of Man, attended by all the holy angels, shall descend in the clouds of heaven, and shall prophesy upon our dry bodies, and breathe the spirit of life into them, then we shall live; then we also shall stand up amid that innumerable army of beatified spirits, bending their heads before his throne in lowly reverence, like the ripe ears of a golden harvest swayed gently by the wind. 'When the valleys stand thick with corn, so that they laugh and sing.' (Psalm lxxv., 14.)

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, WESTMINSTER.—The funeral of his Grace the late Duke of Wellington was solemnised at this church (erected by the munificence of Miss Burdett Coutts), by the half-muffled tolling of the great bell at the time of committing the great Duke's remains to their last resting-place; and after the evening service by a military peal in three parts, viz.: first part, bells wholly muffled; commencing with 83 rounds, then changing, finishing with 83 rounds. Second part, bells half-muffled, commencing and finishing as part first; 35 minutes allowed to remove the muffles, also the crapes, &c., from the drums, at a military funeral. Third part, wholly unmuffled, ringing merry changes, symbolising the honours bestowed upon this great hero. When the bells had ceased in peal, the great bell boomed aloud 83 solemn tolls, numbering the years of the Duke's age. St. Stephen's church contains two elegant presents of his late Grace, viz.:—A superb crimson velvet altar-dloth, studded with gold stars, cross, and fringe; and a magnificent covering or carpet, taken by the Great Duke from the tent of Tipoo Saib, at Seringapatam.

Five Banners borne by Officers in the Army on Horseback.

THE BODY upon a Funeral Car drawn by Twelve Horses, decorated with Trophies and Heraldic Achievements.

Five Banners borne by Officers in the Army on Horseback.

Gentleman Usher

Garter Principal King-of-Arms, Sir CHARLES YOUNG, in a Mourning Coach, supported by J. J. YOUNG, Esq., and G. W. YOUNG, Esq.,

Gentleman Usher





THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING APSLEY HOUSE.—THE ARTILLERY.



## PORTRAITS, STATUES, AND MEMORIALS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(THIRD NOTICE.)

PURSUING our researches amongst the art-memorials of the Great Duke, those by Sir George Hayter first claim notice: who, besides the miniature engraved in our last, and which was strictly a private commission, has painted the Duke under a great variety of circumstances, all of more or less public interest.

In 1820, Sir George painted a large equestrian portrait of his Grace, as on a battle-field, standing by his horse Copenhagen, in the plain blue dress and white cloak which he wore in Spain. The late Lord George William Russell, one of his aides-de-camp, for whom the picture was painted, is represented galloping up to receive orders; troops, and the operations of a siege, are indicated in the distance. This picture is at Woburn Abbey. On request, the artist painted several repetitions of the head of the Duke.

In 1821 was painted the miniature already mentioned; and in 1822, the Duke sat to Sir George Hayter for his portrait introduced into his great picture of the House of Lords during the trial of Queen Caroline, which was painted for the late Lord Dufferin, and has been engraved by Bromley.

In 1838, the artist had the honour of remaining on a visit with the Duke at Walmer Castle, to paint a small portrait to be introduced into the great picture of Moving the Address to the Crown in the first Reform Parliament of 1833. The Duke afterwards gave a sitting for the finishing of the portrait in the picture itself. This interesting work—presenting an accurate representation of the old House of Commons, and portraits of nearly 400 statesmen of the day—still remains in the studio of the artist.

In the same year the Duke sat to Sir George for his portrait, introduced into the picture of "the Coronation." This picture is in the possession of Messrs. Greaves, who published the engraving of it.

In 1842 Sir G. Hayter made a study of the Duke, when at Stratfieldsay, for his portrait in the picture of "Her Majesty's Marriage." Of this study two repetitions were made by the artist, the original being in the possession of Prince Albert. The picture itself is the property of the Queen.

In 1845 the Duke sat again to Sir G. Hayter for his portrait in the picture of "The Christening of the Prince of Wales, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor," which is now being engraved.

Finally, in the present year, the Duke sat for his portrait to the same artist, who has thus, for thirty-two years, at various intervals, had opportunities of studying his Grace's features; and the circumstances under which the last sitting was obtained are of remarkable interest. The picture is no other than one representing the veteran hero of Waterloo contemplating the Effigy and Relics of his old foe, Napoleon, at the Tussaud Gallery. At first the notion of associating the greatest living man of his age with an exhibition of wax-work, &c., may savour of somewhat questionable taste; but when we recollect that it was the only mode by which the two generals, historically connected as they were, could be brought together upon canvas, and when we know that the incident so embodied was one of actual occurrence, the force of any prejudice upon the point is weakened: to which we have to add that the masterly manner in which the story has been treated by the artist converts all doubts into confidence and satisfaction, the result being a real triumph over great and undoubted difficulties. To explain the subject of the picture, it should be stated that the Duke of Wellington, who always treasured deep feelings of interest and admiration for the conqueror of Waterloo, more than once visited Madame Tussaud's, where some of the most remarkable relics of the late Emperor are exhibited, in connexion with a wax effigy of him as he appeared on his death-bed at St. Helena. On one of the occasions of the Duke's coming to view this great "School for Ambition" (if we might so describe it), M. Tussaud happened to be the only other person in the room, and immediately stooped down to draw aside the curtains of the camp iron bedstead upon which the effigy lay. Upon looking up, he observed that in the meantime the Duke had taken off his hat, and was standing contemplating with feelings of mixed emotion the strange and suggestive scene before him. There lay the mere presentment of the man who, seven-and-thirty years ago, had given him so much trouble to subdue! There was no feeling of triumph passed through the conqueror's mind as he looked upon the poor wax image, too true in its aspect of death: he rather thought upon the vanity of earthly triumphs—of the levelling hand of time—and of how soon he, like his great contemporary, might be stretched upon as narrow and as hard a couch. This incident, as we have said, happened only a few months ago; and Sir George Hayter, hearing of it, seized upon it as one affording good opportunity for a striking historical picture, which he immediately set about, merely sketching in the Duke's figure historically. It happened that his Grace, having heard of the work in progress, one day called upon the artist, and having expressed himself warmly in admiration of the picture, and of the deep interest of its subject, said (the Duke knew well, and was accustomed to the penalties attached to his exalted position), "Well, I suppose you'll want me to sit for my picture here!" Sir George seized the occasion then and there, and has succeeded in producing one of the most characteristic and gratifying pictures of the Duke, in his later days, which it is possible for his most intimate observers to conceive or desire. He is dressed in his usual blue frock-coat, white trousers, white cravat, fastened with the well-known steel buckle; he stoops a little, as was his wont; his head is lightly covered with snow-white hair, and his manly features are marked with an expression of mingled curiosity and sadness, which invest the whole scene with a solemnity of interest akin to that of the tomb. The face of Napoleon, the eyes closed in death, and studied, as we understand, after the posthumous mask taken by Antommichi, assisted by the most accurate busts and medals, is marvellously conceived and finished with miniature-like delicacy of detail. It is not the portraiture of an effigy, but of a reality, the reality of death. The body is dressed in the favourite green uniform, the cloak worn at Marengo (which Napoleon bequeathed to his son), lying across the feet; in the hands, which are crossed upon the chest, a crucifix. Amongst the other relics are Napoleon's favourite sword, presented to him, we believe, by the city of Paris, the Imperial crown, with the orb and sceptre, and various collars, orders, &c., which are all painted with wonderful pains and accuracy, standing out severally in actual relief, whilst their reflected light blends with the local colours in every direction, giving surprising richness of effect. This interesting picture, which has just been completed, will, we understand, be opened to private view at Messrs. Greaves, this day.

Another very interesting episodic subject is about shortly to be brought before the public, in the form of an engraving, after a fancy picture by Sir Edwin Landseer, entitled "A Dialogue of Waterloo," and supposed to represent the Duke revisiting the field of Waterloo, in company with his daughter-in-law, the Marchioness of Douro (the present Duchess), to whom he is pointing out the most remarkable features of the ground, and explaining the incidents of the battle. The story, we need hardly say, is an imaginative one, but it is most admirably treated, and serves to introduce one of the most life-like and unaffected representations of the Duke we have ever seen. He is on horseback, his body thrown a little back in the saddle, the head stooping somewhat, and the hand pointing at and down upon the field, in a manner peculiarly characteristic. The portrait of the Marchioness is an extremely pleasing one. Various animals are scattered over the field, highly to the advantage of the pictorial effect. This picture is the result of a munificent bequest by the late Mr. Vernon, who left a large sum of money (£3000, we believe,) for a picture illustrative of the Battle of Waterloo, if Sir E. Landseer would undertake it; the picture to be engraved, and, after being engraved to be added to the Vernon Collection, the property of the nation. The accomplished painter has finished his part of the work in a manner worthy of his fame, and of the intentions of the generous donor; and the picture is now in the hands of Mr. T. L. Atkinson, the eminent engraver.

We must now revert to an earlier period, and from imagination to reality. One of the earliest historical pictures of the Duke of Wellington produced was that painted by Heaphy, and representing "the Duke of Wellington giving Orders to his Generals previous to a General Action," on the ground of the Battle of Nivelle. The various uniforms and expressions of the officers and soldiery, and the bold and picturesque character of the country, combine to render this scene one of great interest in an artistic as well as historical point of view. It has been published, etched, and partly engraved by Anker Smith; the engraving finished by E. Painter.

In Isabey's picture of the "Congress of Vienna," engraved by Godefroy, the Duke's portrait is of course introduced with those of the other distinguished statesmen assembled on that memorable occasion. The artist, however, probably to gratify the vanity of the French nation, has placed the representative of England in a very subordinate position, being quite at the side of the picture; so much so, that he looks almost to be walking in from an ante-room. He is, however, represented standing, which gives him a prominence he would not otherwise command. He is in profile. A repetition of the head has been engraved by Meouin; and must not be

confounded with that of the miniature by the same artist, which we mentioned in our first article, and which represents the Duke in three-quarter face, the head a little thrown back, and looking down with a dignified air upon the spectator.

In Sir G. Naylor's magnificent illustrative work on the Coronation of George the Fourth, the portrait of the Duke is given, dressed in the splendid costume of High Constable of England.

The late J. Jackson, R.A., painted, about the year 1825, a portrait which was considered extremely like, and which, in that respect, almost divided the suffrages of the family and personal friends of the Duke with Lawrence's portraits. It has been lithographed by R. J. Lane.

Besides the portrait by Pickersgill, painted for the Oriental Club, mentioned in our last notice, the same artist painted a very fine portrait for the late Lord Hill. The painting is now at Hawkestone, in Shropshire; it is a full-length, in military cloak and full uniform, with the diamond "George," valued at £7000. The Duke holds in his right hand the telescope belonging to Lord Hill, which his Grace used at Waterloo; his arm is extended, and the telescope rests against the right thigh. We believe that this is the only picture in which the costly "George" jewel has been painted; it was worn by the Duke of Marlborough, and is the property of the State. The picture was begun in November, 1834, and exhibited in 1835.

Count D'Orsay painted a remarkably fine whole-length portrait of the illustrious Duke, in 1848, with a group of other well-known personages, including the Count himself and Lady Blessington. This picture is the property of Mr. Walesby, of Waterloo-place.

In his "professional" meetings with artists in the production of numerous portraits, although his time was always fully occupied with affairs of the highest importance, his Grace was punctual in keeping his appointment, and always evinced the greatest condescension, patience, and kindness: taking great interest in the progress of the work in hand, and giving every assistance by the loan of articles of costume, &c., which could be required. At the same time, however, whilst punctual himself, he expected a respect for time—to him so valuable, in those to whom he sat. One instance out of many will suffice to illustrate his way of enforcing the importance of this consideration. An artist of high repute waited upon his Grace, by appointment, to take his portrait for a group picture. Punctually to the hour (ten o'clock), the painter attended at Apsley House, and was ushered into the Duke's study; the Duke as punctually entered the room, and immediately, standing erect, said, "There! will that do? I have to answer all these—things before eleven o'clock!" pointing to a pile of letters on the table. "A pretty preparation for a sitting!" thought the artist; but the hint being given, was attended to, and the sitting went on, and terminated, without anything further to disturb the equanimity of painter or sitter.

We may here refer to an anecdote which we gave in our last, relative to the purchase of Sir William Allan's picture of "the Battle of Waterloo" by the Duke, who—so the story went—received the artist by appointment at the Horse Guards, and began counting out notes in payment; when Sir William suggested that his Grace need not take so much trouble, and that a cheque would do. Upon which the latter remarked, "Do you think I should be such a fool as to let Count's people know of it?" The story, which told well enough, was taken by us from a leading daily paper, after it had been current for many weeks without contradiction. We have since, however, received a letter from Mr. Herbert C. Blackburn, assuring us that it is "totally without foundation." This gentleman states:—"In refutation of that anecdote, I have only to state that Sir William Allan received a note from the Duke, inclosing a cheque upon Coutts for the picture of 'Waterloo,' purchased by his Grace, which note I have now in my possession." We readily insert this contradiction of a story, which, under the circumstances, we regret to have given additional publicity to in our columns.

### TESTIMONIALS, &c.

Art has a wide field for the illustration of the exploits of a Wellington; and many works of great merit have from time to time appeared; but none, perhaps, more remarkable, in every point of view, than the WELLINGTON SHIELD, designed and executed by the late T. Stothard, Esq., R.A. It is well known that Stothard himself deemed it his most successful work. The following very interesting extract, in relation to the WELLINGTON SHIELD, is from Mrs. Bray's "Life of Stothard":—

"After the crowning victory of Waterloo, it was agreed on by the inhabitants and bankers of the city of London, to present the Duke of Wellington with a silver-gilt shield, as a mark of their appreciation of his merit as the greatest general of modern times, and the subscription for that purpose exceeded £7000. A committee was appointed for the purpose of carrying out the design, and competition was invited, in respect both to silversmiths and artists. Stothard, whose genius for design stood above all the artists of his day in the opinion of all acquainted with his works, was, first or last, applied to by every manufacturer who became a competitor for the shield, and he gave the preference to Messrs. Ward and Green, of Ludgate-hill. The subjects for the shield were, of course, to be selected from the military career of the victorious general, and they commenced with the battle of Assaye, in the East Indies; conducted the gallant Duke through all his brilliant victories in the Peninsular War; and concluded with his receiving the ducal coronet from the hands of the Prince Regent. These subjects are arranged in compartments, with a wreath of oak twined round the shield, while in the centre the General is seen, seated on horseback, surrounded by the most eminent of his staff. Tyranny lies subdued and trampled under his horse's feet, whilst Victory places a laurel crown upon his head. Before the shield was presented to his Grace (in 1822), Messrs. Ward and Green very liberally permitted it to be seen by the public, at their house, Ludgate-hill; and, subsequently, the artist was permitted to make an etching of it for publication.

"After he had accomplished the task, Mr. Stothard naturally felt anxious that no other copies besides his own should be engraved from the work; and addressing the Duke on the subject, was assured by his Grace, in a subsequent interview, 'that no copy should be taken to his detriment, and that Messrs. Green and Ward should also be desired not to allow any one to make a copy without his Grace's express permission.' 'The shield is now mine!' emphatically added the Duke. And Stothard declined parting with the copyright. He published these etchings solely on his own account; and as he had little or no tact in mere matters of business, the principal benefit he appears to have derived from their publication was the pleasure he felt in giving a few copies to his most particular friends. The terms on which they were published were eight guineas; proofs on India paper (of which only twenty-five copies were printed), six guineas the proofs, and three guineas the impressions of the ordinary kind. The etchings are eight in number. The first gave (in outline only, and a scale smaller than the original) the whole shield. The second, of the same size as the original, gave the magnificent centre-piece; and the remaining six consisted of the various subjects forming the compartments round the shield.

"The designs of Stothard for this masterly performance were rather large drawings, executed in sepia; and though he had but three weeks before him to study the history of the war—to make choice of his subjects—to execute all his designs, and to send them into the committee, his drawings so infinitely surpassed all competition, that they were ultimately chosen without a dissentient voice. To any other than genius of the highest order, perfected by long practice, and by having gained a facility in embodying his conceptions, the task to be performed in so short a time would have been impossible."

Among other splendid testimonials to the Duke of Wellington, and assembled in Apsley House, is the magnificent Waterloo Vase, presented to his Grace by the merchants and bankers of the city of London, shortly after the great event which it commemorates. The vase is two feet high and eighteen inches in diameter at the mouth: it will hold about four gallons. The material is silver-gilt: it is circular in form, and Grecian in style; the lower part of the body richly ornamented with foliage. The handles are composed each of a figure of Victory and Fame: on one side is a representation, in very bold relief, of a square of Infantry; and on the other a grand charge of cavalry. The design was furnished by Mr. Lewis Vulliamy, and executed by Messrs. Smith, of Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Amongst the various rewards heaped upon the Duke by grateful foreign Potentates, and others, may be mentioned:—

Two Porphyry Candelabra, presented by the Emperor Alexander. These valuable productions were always used to light the table at the annual Waterloo Banquet. They stand ten feet from the floor, and the table, on the occasion mentioned, had to be fitted round them, holes being made for the purpose.

A magnificent Silver Plateau, presented by the King of Portugal. It is of solid silver plate; raised about two inches; thirty feet in length and three-and-a-half wide. The upper surface is worked with a design in imitation of damask cloth, and the centre is occupied by an octagonal ornament about four feet high, consisting of an agroupment of halberds, representing three architectural turrets, bound together by wreaths, and surmounted by a globe with a figure of Victory. Round

this tower are representations of the four quarters of the globe, resting on a plinth, the whole supported by sixteen griffins, which repose on an equal number of feet. The ends of the plateau are ornamented with designs, intended for the reception of lights; and round the whole of this magnificent work is ranged a series of figures and wreaths of flowers, rising into candelsticks of rich and beautiful design, capable of holding 106 lights. This magnificent piece of plate, said to be worth £10,000, was also always used at the Waterloo Banquets.

A Dessert Service of Dresden china, presented by the King of Saxony.

A gold Breguet Watch, of the sort called *montre de touche*, and of most curious construction, given by the King of Spain.

As we have reason to hope that the present Duke, seeing the interest which attaches to these honourable testimonials, will shortly, under certain conditions, afford an opportunity for inspecting them to many who have only as yet known of them by hearsay, we shall reserve further details at present.

THE PICTURES AND WORKS OF ART AT APSLEY HOUSE, though not remarkable for their number, are many of them of rare value, and almost all of them interesting from historical associations. Looking forward to a future occasion for describing them at a greater length, and with more minute exactness, we will now mention some of the principal objects.

The picture-gallery is on the west, or Park front of Apsley House, and runs the entire length of the building. It is a magnificent saloon, 84 feet long, by 22 feet wide, and was designed and constructed by Wyatt. Here the Waterloo Banquet used to be held; and here, on the walls, are works of the highest class, by Vandyck, Titian, Velasquez, Correggio, and others. Vandyck's celebrated portrait of Charles I., on horseback, is in the centre of one of the sides. The works by Correggio and Velasquez are remarkably fine specimens of those great masters. The greatest gem supposed to be the Correggio—"Christ's Agony in the Garden," painted on panel. It was captured in Spain, after the battle of Vittoria, in the carriage of Joseph Bonaparte, and restored to Ferdinand VII., from whose palace it had been plundered, with many others, by the French; but was presented by that Monarch, with many besides, to the Duke. This is considered by Kugler to be the most important Correggio in England. It is remarkable, especially for the masterly treatment of *chiaroscuro* which it displays. The light proceeds entirely from the Saviour, who kneels at the left of the picture, the angel above him being illumined with the light reflected from the Lord. On the other hand, the sleeping disciples and the soldiers who approach with Judas, are thrown into dark shadow; but, in the words of the author cited, "it is the 'clear obscure' of the coming dawn, and exquisite in colour." The expression of heavenly grief and resignation in the countenance of Christ is surpassingly beautiful and touching. On the ground are the cross and crown of thorns, emblems of the approaching Passion. A similar subject, long attributed to Correggio, but now believed to be an old copy, is in the National Gallery. By Velasquez (a painter unfortunately but little known in this country, or, indeed, out of Spain) are three specimens of first-class excellence, of which first in importance is the celebrated water-carrier, called "El Aquador de Sevilla," magnificent for its breadth and force of truth (originally in the Palace of Madrid); the others being portraits of Pope Innocent X., and of the artist himself.

Terburg's celebrated picture of "The Signing of the Peace" of Westphalia, which was formerly in the Talleyrand collection, is also here, having been purchased by the Duke of Wellington. By a singular coincidence, the picture happened to hang in the very room in which the Allied Sovereigns signed the Treaty of Paris; and this circumstance gave it increased value in the eyes of the Duke. Buchanan, in his "Memoirs" (who purchased and imported the Talleyrand collection), thus speaks of this interesting historical picture, which is painted on copper, and measures 17 inches by 22 inches:—

"The Peace of Munster." In a saloon of the Episcopal Palace of that city are represented the plenipotentiaries who signed the famous treaty of 1648, commonly called the Peace of Munster, or of Westphalia. The painter has, in a composition of ninety-six Ministers, or Deputies, of which this memorable assembly was composed, succeeded in giving distinctly the resemblance of more than sixty of them. In the centre of the hall is a round table, on which two boxes are placed, on a green velvet cloth, apparently intended to enclose the documents of the treaty. Several Ambassadors, ranged in a half-circle beyond the table, raise their hands while one of them reads this solemn act; two others place their hand on the Holy Bible, which a priest holds open. Above these persons are placed in gradation the other Deputies, whose countenances express the most profound attention and the various feelings which the reading of the treaty seems to impress them with. It is not our department here to deal with the men more or less celebrated who signed the Treaty of Munster; but we may be permitted to believe that a painting which preserves their resemblances, executed with so much care and ability, and thus recalls to us one of the most interesting events in modern history, may be considered as an inestimable monument of art. If we consider this picture as regarding the art only, we find that Dargenville, Descamps, and Houbraken, cite it as the most interesting of all the works of Terburg. This master himself considered it as one of his best productions, and left it to his family, with whom it remained till purchased by the late Monsieur Van Leyden, from a descendant of this master, also named Terburg, who was a receiver of the Government rents at Deventer. There is a fine engraving of this picture by Snyderhoff. It was purchased by M. Bonnemaison, who sold it to his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

After the battle of Waterloo the Duke acquired, from Monsieur Bonnemaison, admirable copies which that artist had made from the four celebrated pictures by Raphael, belonging to the Spanish Government, and well known by the titles of "the Spasimo," the "Madonna del Pesce," "the Pearl," and "the Visitation." Here is also a repetition of the "Madonna della Ledia" of the same master, by his pupil Julio Romano. In other schools of art are specimens by Claude, Teniers, Ostade, Wouvermans, J. Van der Heyden, P. De Hooze, and (though last, not least) a most capital work by that humorous master of story-telling painting, Jan Steen. This picture is thus described by Kugler:—

In this picture, also, full justice is done to the power of wine. A young cavalier, with a wine-glass in his hand, is gaily addressing the daughter of the house: she allows him to take some liberties whilst her mother is napping; the children seize this opportunity to eat the sweetmeats; the maid talks at the window with a neighbour's servant; and the monkey draws up the weights of the clock, as if he knew that to people so circumstanced all measure of time was superfluous.

The number of choice specimens of the Dutch school which the Duke possessed, showed the bent of his mind for works of obvious domestic interest, and accounts for the estimation in which he held Wilkie, our own great master of *genre*. The "Chelsea Pensioners" of this artist, as well as the "Greenwich Pensioners," by Burnet, and the "Battle of Waterloo," by Sir William Allan, we have already spoken of. It remains to be added, as regards the English school, that the Duke's collection comprises two pictures by Fuseli, in the entrance-hall, both grand conceptions; two by Sir Edwin Landseer—the one portraying a "Highland Family," the other "Van Amburgh, the Lion Tamer, in the Cage with the Wild Beasts"; a full-length of George IV. in Highland Costume, and a full-length of William IV. in Naval Costume, both by Wilkie; and a full-length of the Duke of York, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. There are no less than six portraits of Napoleon, in different parts of the house; one of them over the chimney-piece in the Duke's study.

In the inner hall stands the colossal statue of Napoleon, by Canova. The figure is nude, holding a winged Victory in the right hand. On the entrance of the Allied armies into Paris, after the Battle of Waterloo, it became a trophy of war, and was presented by the congregated Sovereigns of Europe to the illustrious hero to whom they owed their thrones. There is also a bronze copy of the monument, by Ranch, at Berlin, dedicated to the veteran Blucher.

An extremely interesting object in the Duke's limited collection is a bust of Sir Walter Scott, by Chantrey; and, curious enough, the fellow to it, by the same master, is in the collection of Sir Robert Peel, at Drayton. Sir Francis Chantrey gives some particulars as to the origin of this memorial of British genius, in a letter to Sir Robert Peel, dated 26th January, 1838, and written in reply to some inquiries made of him by that statesman. He says:—

My admiration of Scott as a poet and a man, induced me, in the year 1820, to ask him to sit to me for his bust. The only time I ever recollect having asked a similar favour from any one. He agreed, and I stipulated that he should breakfast with me, always before his sitting, and never come alone, nor bring more than three friends at once, and that they should all be good talkers. I made a copy in marble from this bust for the Duke of Wellington; it was sent to Apsley House in March, 1827, and it is the only duplicate of my bust of Scott. In the year 1828, I proposed to the poet to present the original marble as an heir-loom to Abbotsford, on condition that he would allow me sittings sufficient to finish another marble from the life for my own studio; to this proposal he acceded, and the bust was sent to Abbotsford accordingly, with the following words inscribed on the back:—"This bust of Sir Walter Scott was made in 1822 by Francis Chantrey, and presented by the sculptor to the poet as a token of esteem, in 1828."

Sir Walter Scott fulfilled his promise in May and June in the same year; and Sir Francis was induced, instead of keeping the bust in his studio, to part with it to Sir Robert Peel, who deposited it at Drayton Manor.



LITERATURE.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. By ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet Laureate. Moxon.

We are not satisfied with this laureate ode. The laureate ode, it must be confessed, is not the most hopeful of compositions—has generally borne marks of labour and incompleteness—for the most part, has been dry, hard, cold, formal—a forced product, in short, pleasing neither to the producer nor to the consumer; but still it has dealt with august themes, and aimed at a somewhat ambitious style, rather to be blamed for stiffness than carelessness. Of these themes, the ode before us has the most august that ever fell to the chance of poet laureate; one to have wakened emulation in the most humble of minstrels. But Mr. Tennyson seems to have thought otherwise, and regarded the occasion as happily intended to illustrate how readily he could sport with a great subject, and reduce its mightiness to the sing-song of indolent rhythm and familiar rhyme; spinning verse after verse of mere ballad significance, and with none of the majesty of sound that betokens a lofty argument. Most inappropriate, alas! is this mode of treatment to the topic; for the "Great Duke," whom he commemorates was the most undivided of men; and this self-same method is of all the methods of verse-writing the most affected. The attempt at it is made in the spirit of singularity. Instead of trusting to the recognised metres of the language and the simplicity of the matter, the poet elects a fantastical form, a free and easy manner, promising indeed variety of tone and measure, but achieving monotony—setting the composer at large to combine every possible harmony, and ending in producing no music at all. The shepherd's scannell-pipe has more of melody than has the harp or organ of our courtly bard.

With what regret we are compelled to pass such a verdict as this may be naturally imagined. In admiration of the Great Duke's character and conduct, in estimation of the importance of his career, and in reverence for his funeral ceremonial, we yield to none. In respect, moreover, for Mr. Tennyson, as a poet, we are exceeded by few. We, therefore, sincerely desired that honour should be done both to the dead and to the living, both to the subject of song and to the singer; and, as sincere was our disappointment to find the national tribute paid to a mighty memory by the State-appointed minstrel, not only so inadequate but so inappropriate. While the sentiments scarcely ever reach to the elevation of the theme, the injudicious style of expression lowers the best of them to the level of a contemptuous familiarity, offensive to well-educated taste.

It is evident that the poem begins without plan or purpose. The singer, of course, feels that it should be something *apropos* to the great Duke's funeral, and to make sure of the topic seizes it at once, dashing his hand across the chords of his shell, indifferent to the notes that may be produced. The hand is a well-practised one, chance is in its favour, and such a theme will, of course, take care of itself; or, rather what mastery over it will be displayed, when it can be announced and accompanied with so little preparation. Thus, therefore, it begins:—

Let us bury the Great Duke  
With an Empire's lamentation,  
Let us bury the Great Duke  
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,  
When laurel and gold leaders fall,  
And warriors carry the warrior's pall,  
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

This, and much more, is what one of Shakespeare's fools calls "the false gallop of verse"—most full and most facile in its rhymes; e.g.:—

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,  
As its anniversary was,  
Let the long, long procession go,  
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,  
And let the mournful martial music blow;  
The last great Englishman is low.

The description of the Duke is better; but still poor to what it might and ought to have been:—

Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,  
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,  
Who in himself, a common good,  
Mourn for the man of largest influence,  
Yet freed from ambitious crime,  
Our greatest yet with least pretence,  
Great in council and great in war,  
Foremost captain of his time,  
Rich in saving common-sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity sublime.

Conceive how the Grecian Pindar would have treated such a lyrical hero: how he would have described him, form and soul, until the stanza with which he was identified had "breathed" with "thoughts" and "burned" with "words." Mr. Tennyson has contented himself with rhetorical common-places, technically expressed, not in the diction of poetry, but of ethics. But this is sublime, in point of language, to much that follows. For instance, this:—

All is over and done:  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
England, for thy son,  
Let the bell be toll'd.  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
And render him to the man's.

Could anything be more poor and mean than the point attempted in the words we have italicised? Is it pun, or pathos? In the same strain of what looks very much like doggerel, the lyric still repeats his adumbrations as to the tolling of the bell, until he comes to a few lines where the dignity of the theme is allowed somewhat to vindicate itself:—

Let the bell be toll'd;  
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd  
Thro' the dome of the golden cross,  
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss:  
He knew their voices of old.

But this touch is followed by some common-places in more verses of the "false gallop" school, with nursery rhymes appended; such as "shame, claim, name, blame, same, frame, name,"—like endings, as familiar to the ear as "breeze" and "trees."

The best passage in the poem follows. The sublime text in English, from which it is imitated, must be ever fresh in the memory of every poetical reader.

Who is he that cometh, like an  
honour'd guest,  
With banner and with music, with  
solder and with priest,  
With a nation weeping, and breaking  
on my rest?  
Mighty seaman, this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea,  
Thine island loves the well, thou  
famous man,  
The greatest sailor since our world  
began.  
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
To these the greatest soldier comes;  
For this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea;  
His martial wisdom kept us free;  
O warrior-seaman, this is he,  
This is England's greatest son,  
Worthy of our noblest rites,  
And worthy to be laid by thee;  
He that paid a hundred fights,  
And never lost an English fight;  
He that in his earlier day  
Against the myriads of Assaye  
Clashed with his fiery frown and won:  
And underneath another sun  
Ma'e the soldier, led him on,  
And ever great and greater grew,  
Bating from the waded vines  
All their Marston's bandit swarms;  
Back to France with countless bows;  
Till their hosts of eagles flew  
Past the Pyrenean pines,  
Follow'd up in valley and glen  
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,  
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,  
And England pouring on her foes.  
Such a war had such a close,  
He withdrew to brief repose.  
Again the ravening eagle rose

In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing  
wings,  
And barking for the thrones of Kings,  
Till one that sought but Duty's iron  
crown  
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler  
down;  
A day of onsets of despair!  
Dash'd on every rocky square  
Their surging columns leam'd them-  
selves away;  
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;  
Thro' the long-tormented air  
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,  
And down we swoop; and charged and  
overthrew.  
So great a soldier taught us there,  
Went long-enduring hearts could do  
In that world's earthquake, Waterloo!  
Mighty seaman, tender and true,  
And pure as he from taint of craven  
guile,  
O saviour of the silver-coated Isle,  
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
If faint of things that here detail  
Touch a spirit among things divine,  
If love of country move thee there still,  
Be glad, because his bones are laid by  
thine!  
And thro' the centuries let a people's  
voice  
In full assembly,  
A people's voice,  
The proof and echo of all human fame,  
A people's voice, when they rejoice  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
Attest their great commander's claim.  
With honour, honour, honour, honour  
to him,  
Eternal honour to his name.

The following appeal to our statesmen, though prosaically worded, is also in good taste, and highly judicious:—

O remember him who led your hosts;  
Respect his sacred warning; guard  
your coasts:  
His voice is silent in your council-hall  
For ever; and whatever tempests lower,  
For ever silent; even if they broke  
In thunder, silent—yet some other all  
He spoke among you, and the Man who  
spoke;  
Who never told the truth to serve the  
hour.

The poet, then, rising with his theme, reminds his audience that "the path of duty is the way to glory," enforcing the moral in the following eloquent lines, rich in allusion to Scripture types:—  
He, that ever follow'd his commands,  
On with toll of heart and knees and  
hands,  
Thro' the long gorge to the far light  
has won  
His path up hard, and prevail'd.

Exhausted with this effort, the poet then again betakes himself to moral common-places and ballad metres, which terminate the strain in other than a sublime manner, leaving upon the mind no impression of music, no feeling of grandeur. Here and there, however, in the midst of all this poverty and humdrum of thought and style, there is an occasional beauty of phrase which arrests attention. Some of these minute graces are observable in the following passage:—

O peace, it is a day of pain  
For one, upon whose hand and heart  
and brain  
Once the weight of Europe hung,  
More than is of man's degree  
More than is of man's degree  
At this our great enemy.

The reader who can be pleased with these small sprinklings of "poetic dew" on the barren stems and branches of a wintry scene, mocking the blossoms and leaves of a more favourable season, will find many such in unexpected places, as his eye wanders over the lines of various length that compose the present lyric. Many of these have the true Tennysonian gliter; but they are cold, and merely ornamental, not the fruit of the warm vital sap within. The subject must, it is clear, await Mr. Tennyson's better mood; must become, perhaps, idealized by distance of time, and then we doubt not we shall have a fine poem from his pen, the produce of a leisure consecrated to the high argument, not hurried by the pressure of circumstances, but a free offering from the soul of the poet.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. By J. WESTLAND MARSTON, Esq.

We performed the duty, last week, of stating that this Monody had been delivered at the Princess' Theatre, by Mrs. Charles Kean, on Thursday, as appropriate to the evening of the Great Duke's funeral. The perusal next morning, in the *Morning Post*, of the production itself confirmed us in our opinion of its poetic merits; but we could not repress our surprise that the poem was occupied with generalities in praise of the Duke's abstract virtues and devotion to duty, but never once descended to particularise his acts, whether in the senate or the field. Still, our suspicions were not aroused; we thought it "strange," but were willing to accept it as "true." The poet, we thought, had chosen to take an ethical view of the subject; and we were well disposed to submit. But we were not long left unstartled from our propriety. A glance at a weekly contemporary gave the matter a very different complexion. Lo! another version of the poem appeared in the columns of the *Sunday Times*, without any remarks; but, which version contained abundant allusions both to the Duke's victories and his political acts. This, said we, is as it should be; but why were these passages not pronounced on the stage? why were they omitted in the copy published by the *Morning Post*? Had they been prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain, or any other authority? And, if so, what could have been the object of the prohibition? We then recollected a singular omission on the play-bills—announcing the delivery of "a Monody," but not stating on whom. For some reason of false delicacy, the public were left to guess that the poem was in honour of the Great Duke; his name being suppressed. We therefore determined to collate the two versions of the same Monody, to ascertain whether we could, from the internal evidence, discover the motives for this extraordinary proceeding.

The Monody thus commences:—

A pause; a hush! ye, shapes, awhile retire,  
That draw your being from the poet's fire.  
Stand mute, ye heroes, quicken'd by his will,  
And bodied by the artist's art! all still,  
Kneel with veiled brows, ye forms of assembled woe  
Not now for feigned grief a tear must flow,  
Not now may faded greatness thrill the heart;  
Reality is here! Let dreams depart.  
Yes, to each thought, the Hero who achieved  
What song has scarce recorded or conceived,  
Is present now; he, on whose single mind  
Heaven staked the lot of Europe and mankind;  
Whom, like the law that guides the planet's track,  
Our orb of fame, pursued through storm and rack,  
Lies in the sight of nations, in whose sky  
There flash'd alone one meteor prodigy,  
Rose with calm march, enkindling shore on shore,  
And peaks that glory never lit before—  
How to its zenith; when that course was run,  
Two worlds was day, and Britain was the sun.  
Our Britain bore him! pride's best claim is read;  
Our Britain holds him! sorrow's worst is said.  
What words may speak that sorrow? what regret  
Measure the Hero's greatness and our debt?  
For not to him we give the more we claim  
That crowns the conqueror: his was nobler fame.  
The sword that led our squadrons to the fight,  
Never drawn in vain—was ever drawn for right.

Then occurs the omitted passage, relative to the Duke's victories:—

Whether with patient foot, on India's shore,  
He reached the winding "Tiger of Mysore,"  
Or at Assaye—the foe's red rank on rank—  
Breasted a sea of fire, and on its bank  
Planted our banner; or, when Donno's coast  
Lay back beneath hostile thunder, leapt and crossed;  
Or, traitor's envy on the encreased height  
Of Torres Vedras, thence to sweep in night  
Upon usurping vaour; or, last, three  
His sword into the fate of Waterloo,  
Poured up that scale where realm on realm was hurled,  
And evened the wronged balance of the world.

Some interpretation of this singular omission may be found, perhaps, in the Lord Chamberlain's crusade against the forth-coming pantomimes, in which, it is currently reported, all references and tricks alluding to our relation with foreign powers, and particularly in regard to Louis Napoleon, have been mercilessly prohibited. The same spirit seems to have been in operation here; and, in a monody expressly devoted to the memory of the Duke of Wellington, has obliterated the story of his military career. We repeat, we care not by whom the omission has been directed, even if under certain influence, by the author himself; all we look at is the implied motive. What! is it come to this, that Englishmen, in their public places, shall fear to hear even named the battles that our Wellington feared not to win? Are the authorities that sway in all things—the powers that be in England—overcome with such dread of that "great self-seeker, trampling on the right," in Paris—that Englishmen must "bate their breath" and "speak in tones of whispered humbleness"—before daring to specify the victories of the hero of Waterloo, because the Corsican avenger has enthroned himself in France? Forbid it, forbid! forbid it, British freedom, honesty, and conscience! Mr. Marston has been decidedly justified in putting forth this second version of his poem. It is, supposing the passages to be restorations, a complete vindication of himself;—but whom else does it implicate?

We proceed with the poem:—

Freedom and order were his ends; his star  
Was duty, and his peace the fruit of war!  
Ay, peace, thrice-bless'd, where peace with conscience joins,  
Where liberty with stable rule combines.

Then follows another significant omission:—

Where Order smiles on Freedom from a throne,  
Which to obey—as now—and love are one,  
Where hearts may thro' unlistened, nor keep time  
In their free instinct to the cordill clime  
Slaves ring for tyrants—where the mind and soul  
May grow, and sweet religion crown the whole.

This contrast between the constitution under which we live, and the absolute forms imposed by foreign despots, was likewise expunged, by this Censor before publication of stage literature. The Master of the Elysée seems, in this instance, also to have inspired a wholesome dread in the critic and reviser of the unspoken monody. But to proceed:

Such was the peace he won, such hallowed rest  
For England—O, be this his long bequest!  
Bequest? He gives no more. We are his heirs.  
Oh, word that almost mocks the wealth it bears.  
When comes his like? Twin column of the State,  
In fight Achilles, Nestor in debate?  
Whose mind was virtue's poise, whom no success  
Might dazzle, no adversity depress,  
No bribe allure, no artifice betray,  
No labour tire, when duty showed the way,  
No danger daunt and no renown elate;  
His fate soared high, his soul outsoared his fate.  
A youth as fresh as his first laurels were  
He gave his country; and his silver hair  
Honoured the brows of service, brows that caught,  
Thro' near as an axe no shade of selfish thought,  
The earliest beam that on his pathway creased,  
Beheld him where night found him—At his Post.  
Crowd to his bier! Kings, men in the mighty chieft  
Ye hold your empire as his valour's flag.  
Ye warriors, mourn him! whose bright round complete  
Knew every turn of war—except retreat.  
Mourn, statesmen! honesty was all his art.  
His made clear vision was his uplifted heart.

And now, again, occurs a brief passage, which the Censor prior to delivery could not permit to be spoken, consisting of two lines, only these:—

Of purpose firm, and yet his will could bend  
To those his arm was foremost to extend.

The Duke's concession to popular opinion was, it appears, an incident in his life, not to be recorded in a monody to his memory! All that breathed in this production of patriotism, of liberty, of reform—whether in the church or in the market—was to be carefully expunged. The poet had prepared his oracle; but it was to be falsified by the Pythianness who had to pronounce it!

But we have done with this part of our argument. From this point the poem was permitted to proceed unaltered, or, rather, unmitigated.

Monody, bard and painter! Fancy's noblest birth  
Is best believed when greatness traces the earth.  
Our Shakespeare's self, who peep'd at every sphere  
Seeking a hero, had but cop'd of hero.  
Mourn him, ye sons of travel, for that peace  
He gave, your harbeners till, your stones increase.  
Mourn him, ye poets! in accord to your claim  
His bounty spoke—the contrast to his fame.  
High into day the puls of his renown  
Aspired; but, 'neath their shade concealed, flowed down  
His rills of pity. Mourn! Who mourns him not?  
A hope undream'd. A memory unforget.  
Mourn'd but living! Patient though unseen!  
For thee Time's record chances! He has been  
Is writ on myriad tombs: *He is on thine!*  
Death but promotes thee; all that could decline  
Of thy most honoured being—was: 'tis dust:  
*He never dies who holds his life a trust!*  
Hid from our sight, denied to every sense,  
The hero-patrist rules in influence.  
A people free, united, just, and brave,  
Will kneel before the altar of his grave;  
And vow that, while the seas shall sweep our strand,  
No foe shall tread, no wrong pollute, the land  
Whose boast shall be, unto the latest sun,  
It nursed the flame, it holds the tomb, of WELLINGTON.

Such is the Monody—a poem of considerable beauty, but mutilated and robbed of its completeness prior to its being pronounced—and restored to its completeness by the act of the poet, on its republication. Had the passages so singularly omitted been immoderate in the tone, and capricious in their expression, and obviously seditious in their motive, the proceeding would have been intelligible. But being such as they are, their excision is utterly unaccountable. Are we degenerate, that these things can be suffered?

To overcome us, like a summer cloud,  
Without our special wonder?

One thing is clear, that the anomaly of a censorship on stage literature previous to publication is an evil that ought to be speedily abolished; if only to spare State officials the inconvenience of being suspected, as in this instance, of unwarrantable interference with sentiments in which the honour and gratitude of the country are in question.

WELLINGTON. A HISTORICAL SKETCH. By CHARLES PHILLIPS.

This tribute to the fame of the Great Duke has been reprinted from the fourth edition of the author's "Curran and his Contemporaries" (one of whom was the Duke; for he was an associate of Curran in the Irish House of Commons, in 1793).

Mr. Phillips inclines to the opinion, that the Duke was born at Merriam-street; "fortified by the baptismal register, and by the very best private authority." The Sketch is, from first to last, a brilliant piece of writing, bristling with eloquence at every point; the author justifying every phrase of his eulogy by the quotation of established authorities, in foot-notes. Here is one of the most eloquent passages:—

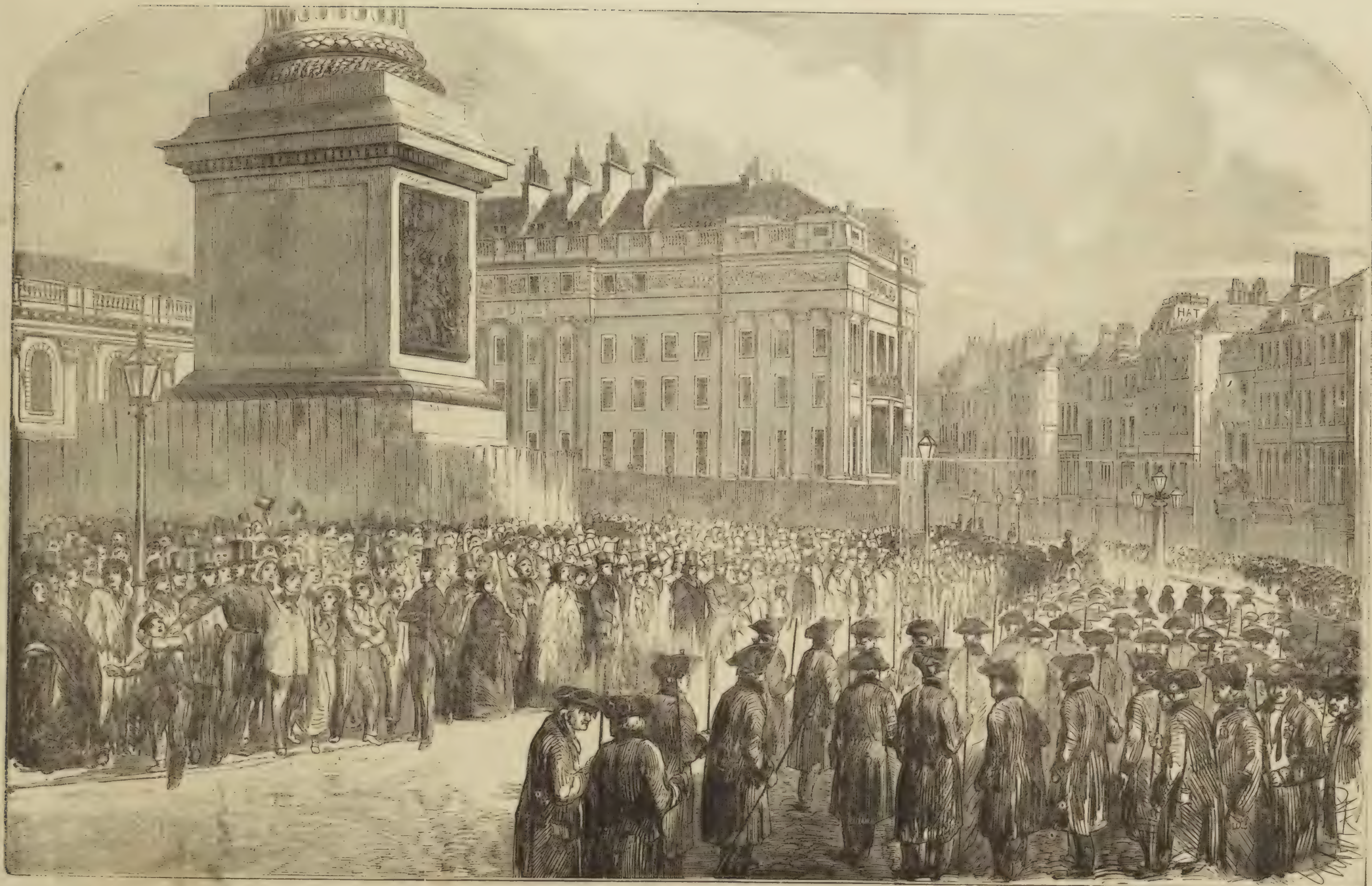
And the mingled scenes of Moorish romance and Spanish chivalry, every rock awakes some noble recollection—"visions of glory fired the aching sight." The mighty spirit of the Old himself seemed to arise, in recognition of a kindred heroism. Nor were the hostile ranks unworthy their antagonist. No barbaric horde, an easy prey to discipline—no conscript levy, to whom war was novel; but iron legions, inured to danger, familiar with victory, and insatiate of fear. And the chiefs who led them—honour to their memory!—honour to the brave, although they were our enemies!—well were such leaders worthy of such followers. No ancestral shield or herald's cry made pedigree supply the place of merit. Nature's own nobility, their cradle was the ranks, their achievements their only title-deeds to distinction; heroes, indeed, who, with their own bright swords, carved their personal bearings: veterans of the bivouac, the battle, and the sleep—now hroued beneath the sun of Egypt, now nerved amid the Alpine snows—their names familiar as the fields in which they fought, and their exploits garlands culled from the varieties of the climes in which they conquered. No wonder that their eagle had soared—from Rome to Mexico—over every capital in Europe—over all save London. No great marvel that private dynasties indicated its course, and ruling kingdoms marked its resting-places! But, before Wellington, the standard and its bearer dropped together. The field, until, at last, his crown shivered, his throne in fragments, and his mighty empire a tradition, their glorious master—even the great Napoleon—saw his conqueror.

Mr. Phillips was always an impartial leader against whom he had to combat. There were occasions on which he stood, and stood alone, against the concentrated energies of France. In one single moment, and in one single province, that of Estramadura, six of their ablest generals, Sult, Ney, Morillo, Kellerman, Victor, and Sebastian, were in the field against him. At another period, though separated, there were in force in the Peninsula, Morillo, Leven, Sult at Zamora, Kellerman at Valladolid, Suchet at Zafra, and St. Cyr at the blockade of Gerona. In numerical force, too, the disparity was fearful. Napoleon had at one time available in Spain very nearly two hundred thousand troops. In the terrible night of Talavera—where each army lost a fourth part of its complement—we were by two to one outnumbered. At Fuentes d'Onore there were two to one of infantry, and five to one of cavalry opposed to us. Fearful disparity! But difficulties seemed no longer difficulties—obstacles appeared, only merely for the purpose of being surmounted. All passed before the star of Wellington. From the first ridge-top at the village of Obispo, to the first gun which boomed at Tolouse, over an empire's grave—until the day of Waterloo he resigned his duty, in Dublin, to that on which (having received orders to the banks of Parliament) he took his seat among the Peers of England, Marquis, Viscount, Earl, Marquis, Duke (honour's mountain being quite exhausted), in right of all, at once, his path was a plume of command elevations.

With these emphatic words the Sketch appropriately closes:—

Regarding the foe he had to combat, the difficulties he had to contend with, and the means at his disposal, Wellington, as a general, never had an equal. No; neither in modern times, nor in remote antiquity. I do mean to express my full conviction that, could the heroes of the past appear once more amongst us, answering their summons from the roll-call of fame, they would, as the world's warriors of our day have done, recognise him as their head, and as the world's banner. Yes, we have beheld him, and with the countenance of his choicest spirits, the chosen of the earth. Marshals and kings and emperors have followed him, the elected leader of their veteran hosts, and never followed him, except to victory; victories, be it remembered, over which humanity need not mourn, nor honour blush, for they were unborn of ambition and unruled by rapacity. Through war's direst annals they shine aloof, in unmitigated grandeur—all radiant with its glory, but devoid of its guilt, through their redeeming motive—a world's emancipation. In Wellington's behalf, therefore, we betray no arrogance. We but vindicate the claim which Europe has accorded, and which has been more than justified by results. We only anticipate what history will record, and what's already has commenced recording. We but feebly follow the example of our day, which, with impatient gratitude, has recorded posterity, and unruled to him, bows down, his dawn of immortality. Almost colonized in life, he breathes and his relics. He walks abroad, hounded by his monuments. Our streets and squares and bridges, as he passes, speak to him of the name which Eng-land's children's children will learn by heart. Columns and statues and triumphal arches awake the past and typify the future. Through Lord Arsons and Napier, the anointed of the shrine, the awful oracle itself has spoken. Wellington has heard the destined words, *MANIFESTA* is to hear, and which "unborn ages" will accept and revere.





TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.—CHELSEA PENSIONERS JOINING THE PROCESSION.





THE STRAND.—THE PROCESSION PASSING ST. CLEMENT'S.—DETACHMENTS OF REGIMENTS



## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AS COMPANION-IN-ARMS.

It has often been said of the Duke of Wellington that he was bound up in a self-satisfied sense of his own glory, and was regardless of the great aids he derived from other officers. It has also been charged against him that he was of a cold, selfish, and haughty temperament, and could not appreciate the merits of his younger contemporaries. Such imputations as these are only deserving of notice because they serve as a reason for bringing into light the real character of the man whose reputation they affect, and for adding tributes to his character without adulation.

In looking through the despatches and speeches of the Duke, we find many instances of spontaneous alacrity in testifying to the merits of companions-in-arms, in doing justice to reputations which, from some cause, were temporarily under a cloud; of a manly resolve to stand between public opinion and the military estimate of the conduct it prejudged, of frank and unreserved communication on the great events of the hour. A few of these we will string together, as reminding the countrymen of the Duke of those qualities of the soldier and the gentleman which got paled in the splendour of his exploits, or forgotten in the civil glories of his later social career.

A Portuguese nobleman, of high family, had objected to have quartered on him a British officer, who was married, with children. The Duke took the trouble to write to him a long explanatory despatch, in the course of which he says:—"It is not very agreeable to anybody to have strangers quartered in his house; nor is it very agreeable to us strangers, who have good houses in our own country, to be obliged to seek for quarters here. We are not here for our pleasure; the situation of your country renders it necessary; and you, a man of family and fortune, who have much to lose, should not be the first to complain of the inconvenience of our presence in the country. I do everything in my power to alleviate the inconvenience which all must suffer. We pay extravagant prices with unparalleled punctuality for everything we receive; and I make it a rule to inquire into and redress every injury that is really done by the troops under my command, as I shall that to which I have above referred, of which you complain, in the conduct of your servants."

Such misdeeds as these were handed from hand to hand, and produced their effect on others, as Wellington well knew they would.

If he could thus reprove a pusillanimous Portuguese, he could not the less do justice to the Portuguese troops, which he described as being, next to the British, the best in the Peninsula. Nor was he slow in doing justice to the few heroic men the Peninsula produced at that period: witness his character of the Marquess de Romana. "In him," he said, "the Spanish army have lost their brightest ornament, his country their most upright patriot, and the world the most strenuous and zealous defender of the cause in which we are engaged; and I shall always acknowledge with gratitude the assistance which I received from him, as well by his operations as by his counsel, since he had been joined with this army." Writing home of the battle of Albuera, he thus expresses himself:—"You will have heard of the Marshal's (Beresford) action on the 16th. The fighting was desperate, and the loss of the British has been very severe; but, adverting to the nature of the contest, and the manner in which they held their ground against all the efforts the whole French army could make against them, notwithstanding all the losses which they had sustained, I think this action one of the most glorious and honourable to the character of the troops, of any that has been fought during the war." In the true spirit of a soldier was his celebrated letter to Dumouriez, descriptive of the battle of Waterloo, in which he says:—"Notre Bataille du 18 a été une de géans; et notre succès a été complet, comme vous voyez. Que Dieu me favorise assez pour que je n'en aie plus, parce que je suis dé-odé de la porte de mes anciens amis et camarades. Mon voisin et collaborateur (Blücher) est en bonne santé, quoique un peu souffrant d'une chute qu'il a faite d'un cheval blessé sous lui dans la bataille du 16." And also his well-known letter to Marshal Beresford, in which he describes the battle of Waterloo as a "pounding match." More sedate than that characteristic epistle was his letter to the same friend and companion-in-arms, on the 15th August, 1815, when he wrote:—"The battle of Waterloo was certainly the hardest fought that has been for many years, I believe, and has placed in the power of the Allies the most important results. We are throwing them away, however, by the infamous conduct of some of us; and I am sorry to add, that our own Government also are taking up a little too much the tone of their rascally newspapers. They are shifting their objects; and, having got their cake, they want both to eat it and keep it. As for your Portuguese concerns, I recommend you to resign, and come away immediately. It is impossible for the British Government to maintain British officers for the Portuguese army, at an expense even so trifling as it is, if the Portuguese Government are to refuse to give the service of the army in the cause of Europe in any manner. Pitch them to the devil, then, in the mode which will be most dignified to yourself, and that which will have the best effect in opening the Prince's eyes to the conduct of his servants in Portugal; and let the matter work its own way. Depend upon it, the British Government must and will recall the British officers."

In the House of Lords, in the year 1819, he took occasion to deliver a strong eulogium on the conduct of the Indian army. In the course of his speech, he professed his entire concurrence in the tribute of approbation bestowed on the Marquis of Hastings, for his conduct of the late war in India. There could not remain a doubt in the minds of those acquainted with the facts, but that the wisdom of the plan on which it was commenced, and the vigour of its execution, merited the highest praise. The noble Duke said, "he was pleased that an opportunity like the present had occurred to do justice to the services and gallantry of our troops in India, which were often neglected or disallowed. No troops in the world performed their duty better, or observed a more steady discipline. They had evinced their good qualities in all their late transactions, whether acting in great masses or small detachments. In all situations they had nobly performed their duty."

This was no grudging praise; and it effectually disposed of the cry that the Duke of Wellington forgot his old comrades, or, in other words, kicked down the ladder by which he had risen.

We may also cite his earnest defence of Lord Londonderry, when, in obedience to the popular feeling, the nomination of that nobleman to the embassy to St. Petersburg was cancelled. He said:—

My Lords, having learned that it would not be disagreeable to my noble friend to be employed in the public service, I did concur in the recommendation; or, rather, my Lords, I did recommend to my right honourable friend, Sir Robert Peel, that my noble friend should be appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg. I made this recommendation, founded as it was on my own personal knowledge of my noble friend for many years past—on the many great and important military services he has performed, and on the fitness he has proved himself to possess for such an appointment in those various diplomatic employments he has filled during a long period of time; more particularly, at the Court of Vienna, where for a period of nine years, he performed most important services to the entire satisfaction of the Ministers who employed him, up to the last moment of his employment. He returned from the discharge of that office, my Lords, with the strongest testimony of the approbation of the then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. I was aware, my Lords, of the peculiar talents of my noble friend in certain respects, for this particular office, and of his consequent fitness for this very description of diplomatic employment, especially on account of his being a military officer of high rank in the service of this country, and of distinguished reputation in the Russian army. I knew the peculiar advantages that must attach to an individual conducting such an embassy on that account. Under these circumstances, I was justified, my Lords, in recommending my noble friend, and I was glad to find that my right honourable friend concurred in that recommendation; and that his Majesty was pleased to approve of it. I may also add, that the nomination of my noble friend having been communicated in the usual manner to the Court of St. Petersburg, it was received with approbation at that Court. For all these reasons, my Lords, it was with the greatest regret I learned that this nomination—for it had gone no further than nomination—was not approved of in another place; for it is in consequence of that expression of disapproval that my noble friend, with that delicacy of feeling which belongs to his character, has declined the office.

Considering that Lord Londonderry at this time laboured under popular odium, and that his past services were either unknown or forgotten, the steadfastness of the Duke to his ancient companion-in-arms cannot but go to detract from the opinion to which we have referred at the opening of this article.

The Duke of Wellington never missed an occasion to do honour to an old companion-in-arms. Witness his eulogium on Lord Seaton. In March, 1840, he said, in the House of Lords:—"I had the honour of being connected with the noble and gallant Lord in service at an early period of his life; and I must declare that, at all times, and under all circumstances, he gave that promise of prudence, zeal, devotion, and ability, which he has so nobly fulfilled in his services to his Sovereign and his country, during the recent proceedings in Canada. I entirely agree with the noble Viscount in all that he has said, respecting the

conduct of my noble and gallant friend, in remaining, under all circumstances, at his post, and in taking the command of the troops, although it was not thought expedient by the Government to place him again in the government of the provinces. I agree with the noble Viscount in wishing that such examples as that which has been shown may be always followed in her Majesty's service; for I must say that there never was a brighter example of fortitude and discretion than that which has been manifested by the noble and gallant Lord."

Long ago, the Duke devoted himself to the praise of Sir Charles Napier, to whose talents he afterwards gave such testimony in his well-known and laconic recommendation to the East India Company. In 1814, he said, speaking of the gallant veteran:—"My Lords, I must say, that, after giving the fullest consideration to these operations (on Scinde), I have never known an instance of an officer who has shown in a higher degree that he possesses all the qualities and qualifications to enable him to conduct great operations. He has maintained the utmost discretion and prudence in the formation of his plans, the utmost activity in all the preparations to insure his success, and, finally, the utmost zeal, gallantry, and science, in carrying them into execution."

Add to these the Duke's eulogies on the present Viscount Hardinge, and his noble defence of Sir Harry Smith, when assailed for his conduct of the Kaffir War, and there is evidence enough that the Duke was not the cold and impassive man he was represented to be; but that, when occasion required, he could spring up to the aid or the honour of the brave. When the object of his eulogy had been a companion-in-arms; the only perceptible difference was a slightly-increased earnestness, and an approach to something very like tenderness of feeling. To these public proofs may be added innumerable minor instances in private life, proving the Duke to have been sensitively alive to all the feelings of a comrade and all the duties of a commander.

## "SEATS TO LET."—MEMORABILIA OF THE LATE FUNERAL.

"The English are a nation of shopkeepers," said Napoleon, in one of his cynical moods; and the consignment of his conqueror to the tomb has led to some strange exemplifications of the imperial sneer as regards our metropolitan population. The pageant itself was characterised by fitting simplicity and grandeur; and the conduct of the people, who stood bare-headed in the streets as the warrior's remains passed by, was one of the most impressive features of the spectacle; but there is a host of minor circumstances preparatory to the event, which show unmistakably that what "our good Edmund" said of his being an "age of calculators and economists" was not merely a flourish of rhetoric; and that the "age of chivalry" has not since returned. Watching the market, and turning the penny, have long been the attributes of different grades of our population; but, with all our recollection of their passion for trafficking in sights and shows, and making hay in the sunshine of their glory, we were scarcely prepared for such a crop of substantial lucre as was reaped by speculators in the national solemnity of the 18th—a practical refutation of the picture, as drawn from a distance:—

Here were none  
Who cared to buy and sell, and make a gain,  
For one whole day.

The advertising columns of our newspapers have, within the past month, fully shown how ingenuitly has been racked to turn the event to best account; and, although we do not propose here to use the inventors precisely according to their deserts, a passing moral may be gleaned from showing up a few of the gentle stratagems, in which it is pretty clear the prospect of gain must have outmastered grief. We question if the love of gorgeous pageants and ridings ever drew from the pockets of curious spectators so large an amount of specie, and through such various channels, as was drawn at the late public funeral. Several instances border upon the ludicrous, from the clumsy attempts of their originators to conceal their motives, and their failure in disguising them. The love of gain may often be traced through the dimly veil of sorrow, while an unseemly care for creature comforts obtrudes itself at the expense of a smile; and our present object is to point at such instances, with mild reproof, at the same time that we preserve them as so many curiosities of the record, and odd contributions to "the history of prices."

Among the earliest arrangements were seats to view the pageant; the tariff of prices presenting some amusing lures. Foremost in the market, the City caterers proved themselves sensible of the advantages of their portion of the line by demanding the most exorbitant prices; though justifiable upon principle, that

The worth of a thing,  
Is what it will bring.

In some cases, however, more was held out than could be realised. Thus, one advertiser had "a first-floor in Fleet-street, close to Temple Bar, where the ceremony of opening the gate could be seen;" whereas the gate was not closed at all, nor has it been shut for years. The report that a gallery in front of Somerset House was fitted up for the Queen led the advertisers in that quarter to promise by the rumour, which turned out unfounded: these advertisements ran—"The Queen at Somerset House"—"Her Majesty being expected," &c. "Charing-cross decidedly affords the best opportunity for viewing the cortege," said one of the morning journals, which opinion some advertisers quoted in their announcements as adroitly as a publisher seizes upon a pleasant recommendation of a new book. The "best view in the line" was, however, to be found everywhere along it; and "first-rate views" abounded from St. Paul's Churchyard to Piccadilly. The former locality was recommended by its "commanding the very best view of this imposing spectacle, as well as the reception, by the clergy, of the coffin, which must necessarily remain a considerable time precisely opposite the house." Cockspur-street was advertised as "decidedly the best position in the whole route: an early application is requisite, as they are fast filling up. Also a few places on the roof. A most excellent view." Some advertisers stated "present terms, which will be increased, as the period approaches;" another strangely commenced with "Funeral, including Beds the night previous;" and another, "Funeral of England's Hero. The most commanding view," &c. Here is odd confusion: a drawing-room "commanding a first-rate view of the procession, by Pall-Mall, suitable only for a family of distinction." A first floor in Fleet-street promised "the best view in the line of route, furnished, suitable for a nobleman and family;" elsewhere there was "a choice window, capable of accommodating a party of eight, with every accommodation." But the most pretentious advertisement was "Funeral of the Immortal Hero of Waterloo. The only house in the whole route of the procession where a comfortable seat is obtainable, combined with a good view," &c. Perhaps, however, this is eclipsed by a house in Pall-Mall advertised as "commanding at one view the entire procession."

"Wellington Funeral Agency Offices" were opened; plans, models, and drawings, with the places occupied by spectators, were shown in some shops; and curious was it to see persons bargaining for seats in shop-windows, and trying the point of view by sitting in several.

The Prices of Seats, of course, varied with situation. The lowest we find in the tariff by advertisement were, "cheap seats, in the best part of the Strand. Shop seats, 8s. 6d.; rooms, well warmed, up stairs, from 7s.; entire rooms, moderate; roof seats, 4s. 6d." The house-top location, by the way, was carried to a dangerous height; for upon the roof, a small, but lofty, (five-storied) house in the Strand, we counted some thirty spectators, several of whom were perched upon the most perilous points. The only fatal accident recorded was that by a fall from the roof of Drummond's banking-house, at Charing-cross.

Returning to the prices: in the same column with the above, we find advertised, near Somerset House, "a furnished room, with three windows, to accommodate over twenty persons: present terms 25s., with an ample cold collation, wines, &c.; or 250 without refreshment." Among the highest prices were, on Ludgate-hill, "a large dining-room, with balcony, on the first floor, price fifty guineas;"—to accommodate fifty persons. In the succeeding advertisement, "on Ludgate-hill, is the best parapet view in the whole line, 15s." Lower down, in the same column (*Times*, Nov. 15), we find "a first floor in Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park, price 260." On Saturday, Nov. 13, the sum of 30 guineas (agreed upon some days previously), was paid for a first floor in Fleet-street, the householder trying to evade the bargain; within three days the same sum was paid for a second floor; and for a third-floor bed-room, for three nights, 20 guineas. In some cases, seats were advertised for; and among the "Wants" we find "a second-floor room, with two windows, for a gentleman and his family, not to exceed twelve persons, and for which he is willing to pay 25s. and not more." Elsewhere, 20 guineas were offered for a first floor. Buckingham House, Pall-Mall, was put up in 7s. and one guinea seats; "families may bring their own servants." One householder made the most of his locality, by advertising:

"The Duke's Funeral—Devonshire House, Piccadilly (directly opposite)," &c. In Cockspur-street we find, "a large first-floor window at 1) guineas; and an extensive flat roof at 6s. 6d. each person; with good private door, good fires, and every comfort." The following may be taken as an average of the Strand seats: first floor, 20; second floor, 10; third floor, 8; fourth floor, 4; each room for 12 or 16 persons; and single seats in shop at one guinea each.

A few ingenious traders provided for outward show of grief by "cypress hatbands;" and others, who "keep a poet," after sympathising referring to the public sympathy and patriotic respect, ventured to suggest, as "the appropriate indicator of public appreciation," "a new suit of mourning for the occasion;" the advertisers adding, that they "are in no way desirous of making this a business affair!" In this class we find "a mourning head-dress, suitable for wearing in the Cathedral," and for open-air seats—the gear being warm, protecting the throat, and not impeding the view, as would a bonnet. Nor was the hair itself forgotten; for the proprietors of the "incomparable Huile Macassar," indulged in a sort of historical retrospect, associating their own brilliancy with the glories of the Great Hero. Next, a tailor's firm recommended every one to be provided with a life-preserver, on the 18th; and the proprietor of a bath establishment delicately suggested that "the luxury of a warm bath will be appreciated by those who have witnessed the Duke's funeral."

Science was oddly pressed into the aid of the public appreciation of the pageant, by a few opticians advertising their wares; as "portable perspective glasses, for viewing objects within the distance of a mile, so extensively patronised on this occasion," &c. Another glass "will surprisingly assist the sight in viewing the procession." Another announces "the Best View of the Funeral for 12s. 6d. can be obtained by purchasing" a glass, "which will bring out, in a clear and distinct manner, the features of the great men and the most minute objects present on that memorable occasion."

Nor were creature comforts for the day forgotten: here we have "the Duke of Wellington's Funeral Wine, in immense demand;" and there, that "delicious article, the Wellington Funeral Cake;" an extra supply of celebrated lemon biscuits, &c.; while a famous Chelsea tavern was "open for the accommodation of visitors to the great national ceremonial."

We now approach a more censurable mode of "watching the turn of the market," by the raking up of relics and memorials of the Great Duke, and advertising them for sale to the highest bidder; though, in some cases, the strange proceeding is qualified by the owner promising that the sums realised shall be appropriated to charitable purposes. First on our list is a "genuine and unique relic of the late Duke of Wellington.—A lady will dispose of a Lock of his Grace's Hair, which can be guaranteed; the date of its being cut, and circumstances of possession, will be imparted to the purchaser. The owner would not like to part with it under 50 guineas; but is open to a liberal offer." Again: "Memento of the late Duke of Wellington.—To be disposed of, a Lock of the late illustrious Duke's Hair. Can be guaranteed. The highest offer will be accepted." Next: "A valuable relic of the late Duke of Wellington.—A lady having in her possession a quantity of the late illustrious Duke's Hair, cut in 1841, is willing to part with a portion of the same for 25s. Satisfactory proof will be given of its identity, and of how it came into the owner's possession." Again: "A Lock of Hair of the late Duke of Wellington to be disposed of, now in the possession of a widow lady. Cut off the morning the Queen was crowned," &c. Next: "The Greatest Relic of the Age.—A Lock of the Mane of the Horse the late Duke rode in the Battle of Waterloo. Cut off by the Duchess. The property of a private individual. The most indisputable evidence given of its genuineness. It being supposed that this will, in all probability, be the only piece offered to public competition, the advertiser declines naming a price, but the most liberal offer will be accepted within a week," &c. Again: "For Sale, a Waistcoat, in good preservation, worn by his Grace some years back, which can be well authenticated as such." But, more reprehensible, is the following piece of cupidity, from the *Times* of the 19th (we omit the name): "Relic of the Duke of Wellington for sale.—The son of the late —, of Reading, the well-known hair-cutter to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, at Strathfieldsaye, has a small quantity of Hair, that his father cut from the Duke's head, which he is willing to dispose of. Any one desirous of possessing such a relic of England's Hero, are requested to make their offer for the same," &c. In the *Times* of the 21st, also is offered a small portion of the Duke's Hair to be disposed of, "with irrefragable testimony," &c.

The traffic in autographs has considerably revived since the death of the Duke, for whose letters very large sums have been demanded. The *Times* of Nov. 10 contains thirteen advertisements of these relics for sale: the price asked for a letter, with seal and post-mark, written in 1828, is 20 guineas; of another, 15 lines, with envelope, date 1844, 10; but, in the next advertisement, an autograph note, with stamped envelope and seal, is offered for 30 shillings. In the *Times*, Nov. 19, an autograph letter, "a good specimen of the sternly courteous style of his Grace," is offered at above 25. Next, an "autograph business letter, courteous, and style highly characteristic," is priced at 25s.

A singular memento of the Duke has been preserved, under the following circumstances, and is offered for sale by advertisement in the *Times* of Nov. 12. Several years since, there was published in Italian an ode on the death of Napoleon by Manzoni, which was translated into French by one Anglini, of Venice. It appears that the Duke was one day reading a copy of this work in passing through Kent. His Grace, we dare say, was not much struck with its merit, for he tore it in pieces, and threw it out of the carriage window. A gentleman on the road side picked up the fragments, and here they are, offered as a memento of his Grace—an appropriation never dreamt of by the great Hero.

The following calculation has been made with some care (in the *Observer*), for the purpose of ascertaining the proximate amount of money paid by the public for mere seats to view the Funeral procession:—

There were in the line of procession, in Piccadilly, 100 houses; St. James's-street, 90; Pall-Mall, 124; Cockspur-street, 34; Charing-cross, 24; Strand, 457; Fleet-street, 208; Ludgate-hill, 90; St. Paul's Churchyard, 30; in the whole, 1157 houses, besides the club-houses, the houses in Waterloo-place and Trafalgar-square, and the end houses of every street abutting upon the line. The enclosures of St. Martin's, St. Clement's, and St. Dunstan's, accommodated 6000 persons; the gallery over the Opera Colonnade, 1000; Crookier's three galleries, 1000; and the Arundel sittings 1000 persons. Now, assuming that there were only 60 spectators in each house (69,420), there must have been private accommodation for about 120,000 people; and if one-third be deducted on account of those who devoted their establishments to the accommodation of their connections and friends, there will remain 80,000, which, at one sovereign a head, makes £80,000; and this sum must be considered a low average estimate, since it is well known that many persons made considerable sums by taking windows, rooms, and houses, at high prices, on speculation, and sub-letting them at two, three, five, and in some cases, ten guineas a head, and that the "scaffold-erecting fund" of the different clubs was amply made up by the sums paid by those members who had obtained the privilege of introducing ladies.

Portions of the churchyards in the route of the procession were turned to benevolent account, by letting the ground for sittings and devoting the profits to the parochial charities. Thus, by sittings in the churchyard of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and the admission of persons to the roof of the church, the sum of about £200 was cleared. In the churchyard of St. Mary-le-Strand seats were erected for 1653 persons, of which, however, about 1000 only were occupied. At St. Clement's, the erection of the galleries cost about £200, and the receipts for seats were £800. In each of the above cases the profits were added to the funds of the parish schools. At St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, the ground was let for £100, which sum was added to the funds of the Infant School; there were 620 sittings, all which were let, besides about 100 upon the roof of the church.

At the south-west angle of Arundel street, Strand, was a large and lofty pavilion, named "The Arundel Sittings," erected at the cost of Mr. Macey, builder, under the superintendence and from the plan of Mr. H. R. Abraham, the architect. The ground was let for the occasion for £60; there were sittings provided for nearly 1000 persons, the cost was about £250, and the result was a net profit of £200 to the builder, who also seated gratuitously several customers and friends. This was one of the most finished buildings of its class throughout the line.

Passing from these trivial records of the spectacle to the impressions of its grandeur, how many great and glorious deeds were commemorated in the pageant of last week, when the funeral route glittered with the brilliancy of the Campus Martius of old, yet when Princes and people alike assembled to do honour to the warrior, whose end was peace.

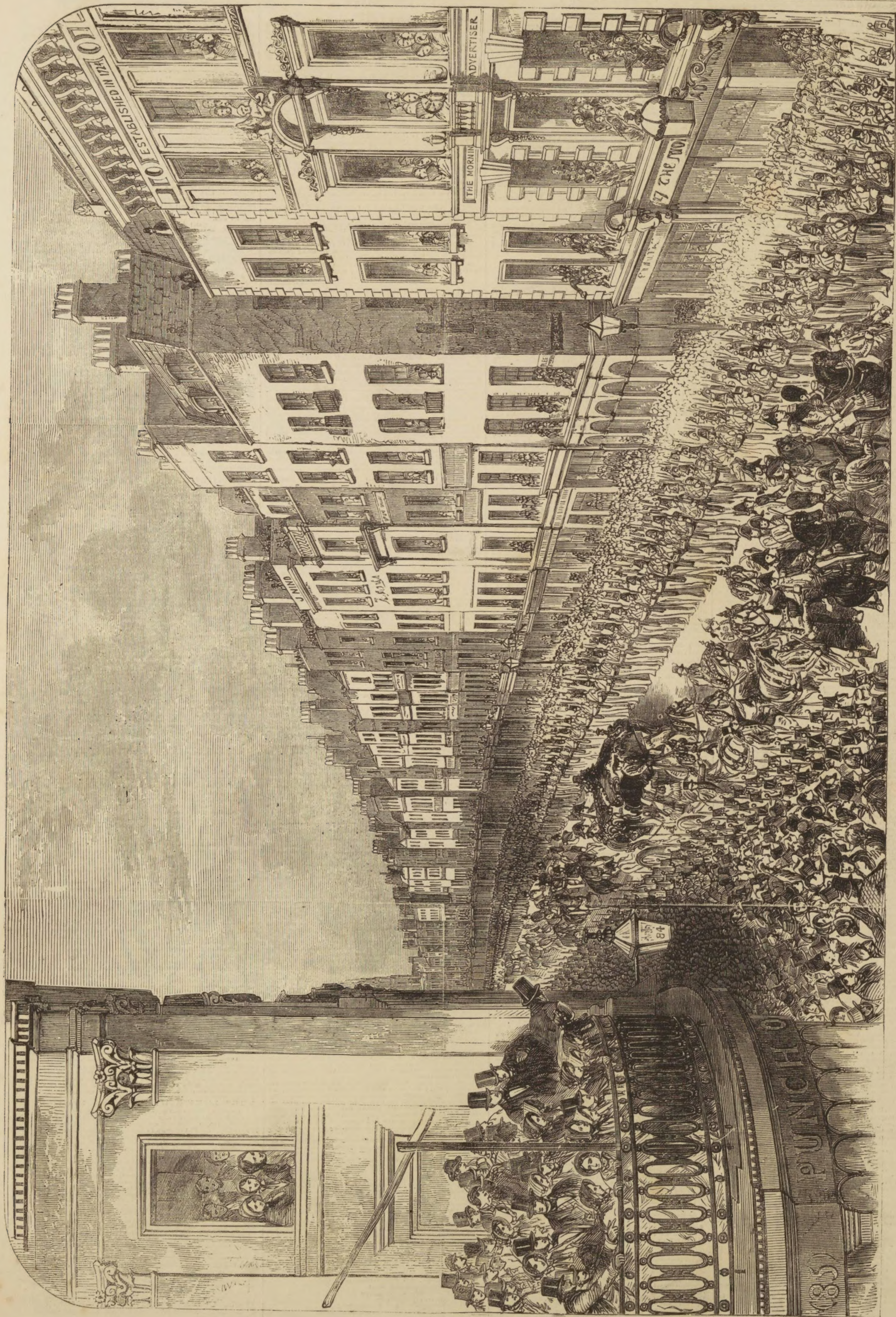
THE WELLINGTON FUNERAL.—In Kilmore church (of which an engraving was given in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS of the 16th ult.) was rendered the further and final, but striking and peculiar mark of veneration for the lamented chieftain, of a solemn service—chiefly selected from that for the burial of the dead—being performed, as nearly as possible at the moment of interment, by the rector and vicar, the Rev. Dr. Tighe Gregory; up to which period, from noon, the bells tolled without intermission. The appropriate text was, "He is both dead and buried," Acts ii., 29.



NEW MUSIC, &c.

and of the Patents, at No 10, Prince's-street, Hanover-square. See  
Gemens', 10s 6d; Ladies', 6s 6d; also, cheaper descriptions.





FLEET-STREET—THE CIVIC AUTHORITIES IN THE PROCESSION.